Photo by Ellis & Walery.

TO ZENA DARE.

If it be true, as preach the wise,
That love's a sorry gain,
And gives a few sweet hours of joy
For many hours of pain—
Then am I not among the wise,
For I your love to gain
Would gladly lose a world of joy
And take a world of pain.

Vol. IX.—January, 1903,—No. 51.

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

EDNA MAY LOVES RINGS.

Yes! the Belle of New York confesses to one serious weakness—an inordinate affection for rings. Look at her hands. Every finger is bejewelled. Perhaps she has more rings in her possession than any other woman in the world. Otherwise jewellery is not so much in her line as costly dresses. True, she has a little collection of brooches and diamonds that would mean a fortune to poor you and me.

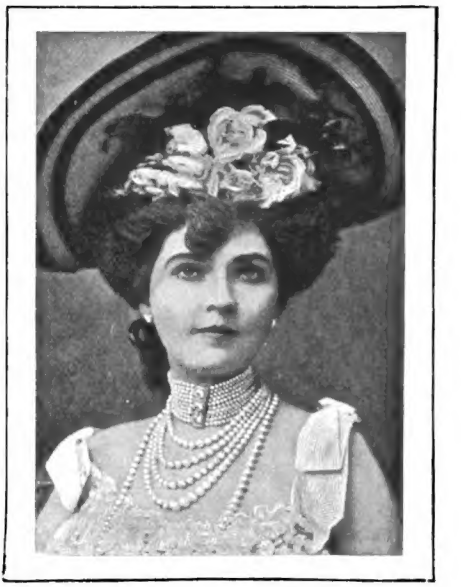

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

FANNY WARD AND THE HEAD STEWARD.

That collar of pearls which you see round her slender neck is alone worth £25,000! And her millionaire husband, Mr. Joe Lewis, has lavished diamonds upon her enough to fill a king's treasury. Lucky "Miss Fanny Ward!" Apropos of those diamonds, she spins an amusing yarn. Crossing the Atlantic on one occasion, she and her fellow passengers were distressed to notice that valuables were continually vanishing from their jewel cases. A meeting was held, and a band of private detectives organised, foremost among whom was the Head Steward, a portly and dignified person. Alas! in spite of all his efforts, the search proved vain. But shortly before landing it was proposed, as a reward for his industry, to get up a subscription in his favour. So much did this generosity upset the Head Steward that he lost his footing and tumbled all down the main companion—when, lo and behold! out of his pockets rolled a galaxy of necklaces, tiaras, bracelets, rings, and scarf pins. . . . We hear that . he has changed his ship's uniform for one neatly picked out in broad arrows. . . .

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OTERO AND THE CHARMING STRANGER.

This gorgeous dancer has more jewels than any woman on the stage. Nor does she hide them under a bushel. Have you never seen her rush into the glare of the footlights, glittering and splendid as an Eastern queen? This delight in displaying her glories once ended in a tragedy. To and from the Green Room she carries her jewels in a black bag. Once after the theatre, at a little supper with friends in America, she entertained a charming stranger brought by one of the guests. Suddenly out went the electric lights. Otero ran to the door with the rest of her friends, then turned suddenly, remembering her black bag. Some instinct led her to the window, and there she discerned the "charming stranger" in the act of dropping the black bag to a confederate outside. And then? "And then," says La Belle Otero with a delightful shrug—"ah, monsieur, the Americans are a hasty people. There was a revolver shot. That is all."

Photo by Reutlinger.

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MELBA'S JEWELLED COCK.

Her jewels are costly enough in all conscience. Diamonds she has in profusion, and some wonderful and almost priceless ropes of pearls. But rumour has it that all these are of little value to her beside a beautiful, but comparatively valueless, jewelled cock.

She is seldom to be seen without it.

Is some strange and romantic story connected with this trinket? I wonder!

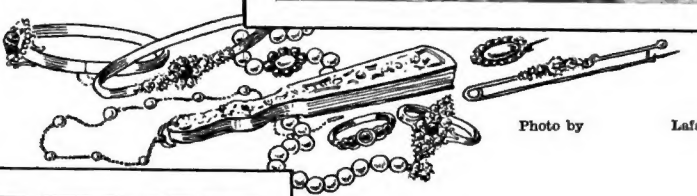

Photo by Lafayette.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

ADELINA PATTI'S TIARA.

People who calculate these things will tell you that if those two human nightingales, Mesdames Patti and Melba, put their jewels on to the market, they could roof the Albert Hall with gold, and still have a handsome fortune left. What Madame Patti prizes above all things is a magnificent tiara worth many thousands of pounds. She possesses jewels and orders from most crowned heads in Europe. For they all bowed down before her, and considered nothing too costly for the "Woman with the voice of gold."

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

LIANE DE POUGY'S PEARLS.

Her great ambition is to rival Otero's opulence and splendour. She has never quite succeeded. Nevertheless, there are few women in the world so superbly handsome, superbly dressed, and possessing such superb jewellery as Liane de Pougy. Her pearls alone are worth a queen's dowry. She is fastidious in her choice of precious stones, preferring quality to quantity. Should you happen to have a large gem to sell, you will certainly find a generous bidder in this beautiful actress.

Photo by Reutlinger.

THE GIRDLE OF CAMEOS.

Sarah Bernhardt has a treasury of jewels. But the greatest of actresses s the most careless of women. Her pear's and diamonds she regards much as you and I regard a walking-stick or umbrella; if they vanished to-morrow you would not find her broken-hearted. But the girdle of cameos which she wears when playing "Phedre" is a treasure guarded with exceeding jealousy. No one may touch it but herself. It is her fetish. Why? Ah, there! You must ask the "Divine Sarah" herself. I am not her *confidante*.

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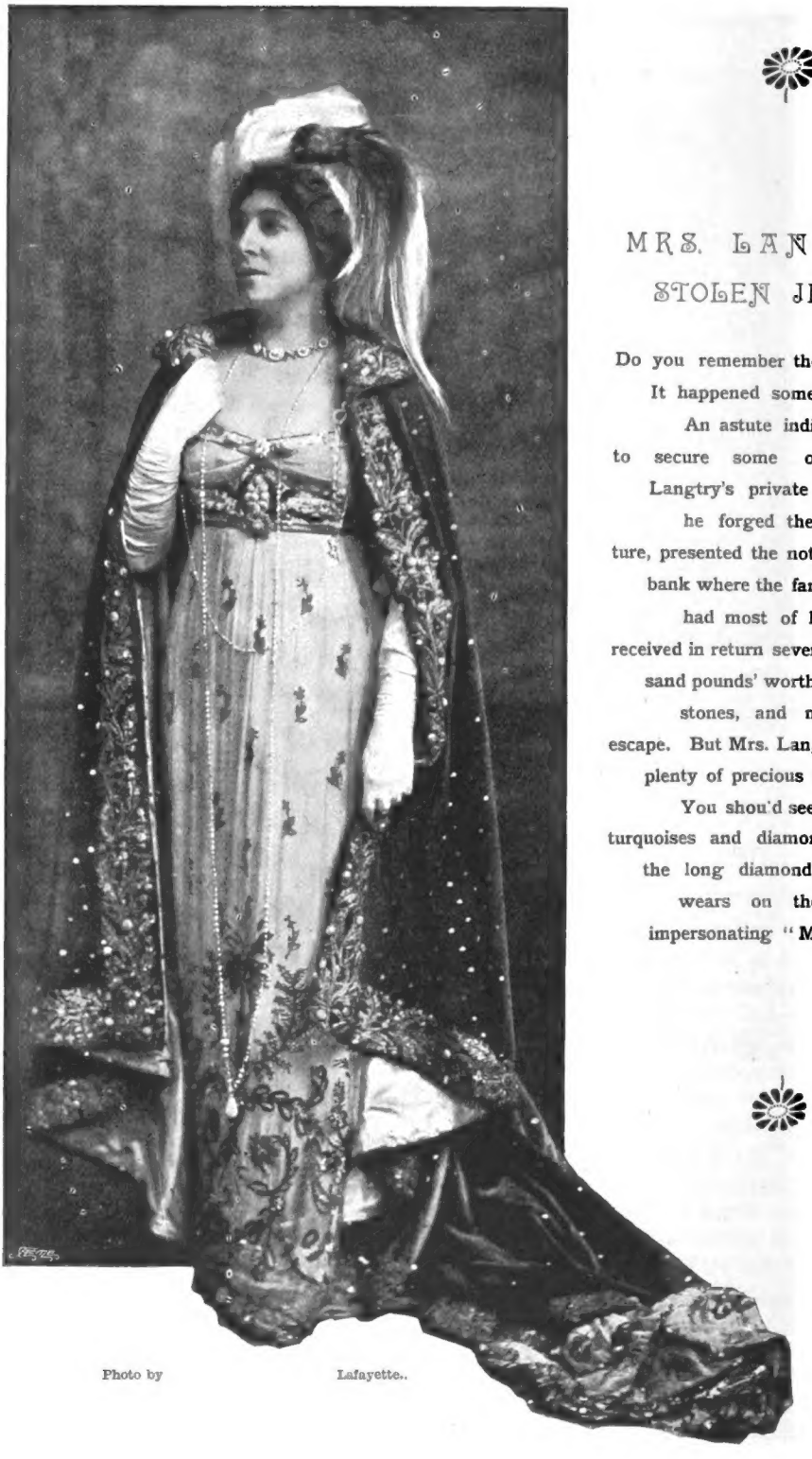

Photo by Lafayette.

MRS. LANGTRY'S STOLEN JEWELS.

Do you remember the affair? It happened some years ago. An astute individual managed to secure some of Mrs. Langtry's private note-paper; he forged thereon her signature, presented the note at the bank where the famous Beauty had most of her jewels kept, received in return several thousand pounds' worth of precious stones, and made good his escape. But Mrs. Langtry has plenty of precious trinkets left. You shou'd see the necklace of turquoises and diamonds and the long diamond chain she wears on the stage when impersonating "Mlle. Mars."

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S PRICELESS PEARL.

"Mrs. Pat's" rings and necklaces, which she loves very dearly, are only less beautiful than herself. But her jewels, compared with the superb collections of Miss Fanny Ward and La Belle Otero, are of small value. One jewel she possesses, however, which in her estimation outvalues all others in the world. It is a ring adorned with a large single pearl. Touch a secret spring, the pearl opens and reveals a miniature portrait of her late husband.

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MLLE. . . JUNIORI . IN GALA COSTUME.

This brilliant artiste did not don these jewels for the benefit of the photographer. She appears in many performances decked out as you see her here—a little custom which shows her to be a capable business woman. For many people to whom her genius means nothing go to see her gems. I wonder how many thousands of pounds the jewels she is wearing are worth. That diamond crescent is alone worth a small fortune, and on the sum those strings of pearls would fetch you and I could retire and live a life of pleasant idleness.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

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Photo by Langfier.

MARIE TEMPEST AND HER BROOCHES.

If ever you should come across this clever actress be sure to look out for the curious triple brooch which she is so fond of wearing. Indeed, she seems to make a speciality of brooches, and possesses some brilliant diamond suns, which are frequently to be seen adorning her person on the stage and the concert boards.

VIOLET VANBRUGH'S MASCOTTE.

Actresses are said to be as superstitious as sailors. Anyhow, Miss Violet Vanbrugh has a quaint conceit, a chain of uncut turquoises, which she regards as a mascotte, to which her numerous friends are constantly adding new pieces. Miss Vanbrugh is hardly ever seen without it. Well, let us hope that its magic power will continue to preserve its mistress from harm!

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

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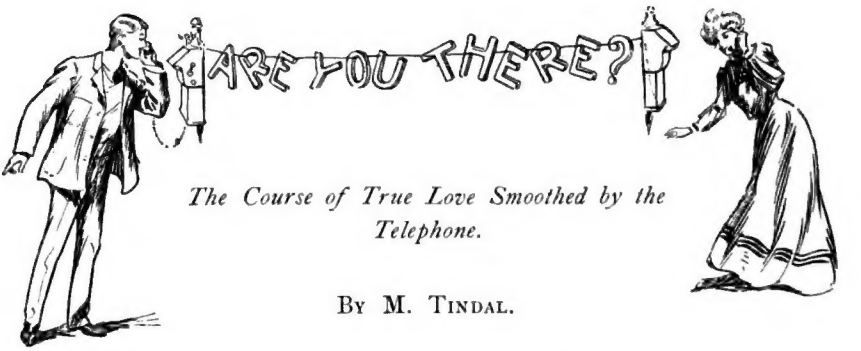

The Course of True Love Smoothed by the Telephone.

By M. Tindal.

FIRST SCENE.

Baron Billericay rings furiously at the bell of his private telephone.

Baron Billericay rings furiously at the bell of his private telephone at 100, *Hyde Park Crescent, calling imperatively:*

"Are you there? Are you there? Will you connect me with the Little Carlton Club at once, please? Are *you* the Little Carlton? Is Mr. Dodd in? Then kindly tell Mr. Dodd that his father's in no end of a violent hurry to speak to him over the wire. Thank you.

"Oh, that you, Tom? I thought I might catch you. Now, look here, my boy, I have got something to say to you of the utmost importance, and it is only because I'm overdue already at a confounded meeting that I don't come to you myself—and the matter can't wait.

"Tom, I'm disgusted with you—simply digusted. What about? You know yourself, sir, as well as I do—and you ought to be disgusted with yourself, too. Oh, you needn't pretend ignorance. Can't imagine, can't you? Listen, then.

"Tom, I'm disgusted with you."

"Perhaps you have heard of Perry's flower shop in Little Bond Street? Ah, you do happen to know it? Perhaps you have noticed, then, a girl, a woman, a petticoat of *some* kind, who sits behind the counter on a high stool, and arranges button-holes and bouquets. *Have* seen her, have you? Well, perhaps you *don't* know that Perry was once my head gardener at Mount Castle? Ah, I thought you didn't know *that*.

"Let me tell you, sir—are you there? Are you listening?—let me tell you that *I* started Perry in business, and that when he first stocked his shop it was with *my* flowers grown in *my* conservatories. And so when he found out that it was *my* son who was distracting his bouquet girl from her work, it was only very right and proper that he should inform *me*. Now do you understand what I'm driving at?

"How dare you, sir—are you there, sir?—how dare you make love to a shop girl? When I heard about this disgraceful entanglement, I swore I would disown you on the spot. When I think that my son—a Dodd—a future Baron Billericay—has been flirting with a common flower girl employed by one of my servants, I am simply overwhelmed with horror—simply petrified with it, sir.

"I give you my word for it, Tom—I shall cut you off with a shilling."

"It is one thing for me to start Perry in business—are you there? —are you listening?—it's quite another for you to keep the business going behind my back. Perry tells me you owe him £20 for buttonholes. How do you think you are going to pay that bill, sir —if not out of my money? And if I refuse to pay it? You will be ruining Perry after I have taken all the trouble to start him in life.

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"And as it is, Perry says that it is only because you spend so much money in the shop that you don't do him more harm than good. He says you've so turned the girl's head that she gives violets when she's asked for roses, hyacinths when she's asked for carnations, tulips when she's asked for geraniums! A pretty state of affairs!

"Now, Tom—are you there?—this flower-girl affair must *stop*. Do you hear me, sir? You are to have nothing more to do with the girl. . . . Eh? . . . Well, you may write to her just once more—stay—Perry has a telephone—you may communicate with her on the telephone. Tell her that the affair is ended, and then you must ring off, Tom—ring off for good and for all, you understand.

"Now be a good boy, and show yourself a worthy son of your father—or, I give you my word for it, Tom—I shall cut you off with a shilling. Good-bye. *Ring off.*"

(*To himself.*)

"The young scamp—falling in love with a flower-girl. I shall have to deal severely with him. Perhaps it *would* have been wiser if I had given him his own way, and had set him up in the motor-car trade. But *trade*—and a Dodd!"

He goes into the hall, picks up his hat and gloves, and leaves the house.

"Perhaps it *would* have been wiser if I had given him his own way, and had set him up in the motor-car trade."

SECOND SCENE.

The Hon. Thomas Dodd—a not bad-looking young man, whose thoughts run chiefly on motor-cars and on Miss Dorothy Graham—rings one of the telephone bells of the Little Carlton Club, calling—

"Are you there? Are you there? Please connect me with Perry's, Little Bond-street. Hullo, is that Perry's? Is Mr. Perry out? . . . Oh, if that's so, will you please ask Miss Graham to come to the wire for a moment.

"*Hullo*, Dolly! Yes—how I wish I could see you as well as speak to you! Oh, there has been a terrible row, Dolly. The Pater's found us out, and there is the deuce and all to pay. He says I'm to give you up, Dolly—you, you angel—but he doesn't know what an angel you are, does he? . . Only a what? . . . Only a flower-girl, be hanged! You are an angel, Dolly, and the finest that ever walked on earth. I never saw one to compare with you.

". . . Oh *Perry!* Perry told. . . . Yes, it appears that the old chap was once our gardener, and the Pater gave him a leg up in the flower trade, and made his fortune. I wish he'd give *me* a leg up. I've told him a thousand times that I could soon make a fortune if he would lend me a few thousands to start a motor-car business—but he won't, and he keeps me on about five shillings a week for allowance, and threatens to cut it off whenever I offend him—the old curmudgeon!

"Now, look here—are you looking?—can you hear me? Of course the Pater's only got to see your face to understand that you are the only possible girl in the world for me to marry. Now you must think of some plan by which you can meet him accidentally, and win his heart.

"What? . . . What? . . . No, *no, no*, it's *all—right*—Dolly, dearest one, I'll never, *never, never*, give you up, for all the fathers in the world. Why, if the worst comes to the worst, we'll set up in the flower trade ourselves! I'd get all my friends to

"Oh, there has been a terrible row, Dolly."

"He keeps me on five shillings a week for allowance."

"I'll never, *never, never* give you up."

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"Gone! And now some beastly Johnny's making eyes at her!"

swear they'll buy our flowers every day, and we will make a fortune in no time!

"What? . . . Must win the old man's consent before we can marry? . . . Then win it we will, somehow or other, so don't despair, dearest Doll. Wanted? . . . *Must* you go? Oh, hang it . . . well, I will ring you up so soon as I have seen the Pater again, and tell you exactly what he says about it . . .

"Don't? . . . Old Perry will be in all the evening, will he? . . . Oh . . . Yes, I daresay he *will* keep an eye on you, now. Well, Dolly, directly he goes home, promise faithfully you will ring *me* up—yes, at 100, Hyde Park—I'll wait for your call there this evening. Good-bye—a million million kisses and keep a good heart, and——"

(*To himself.*)

"Gone! And now some beastly Johnny's making eyes at her! What a brick the girl is to stand it—and all for the sake of that broken-down old father of hers. She's a brick of the purest gold."

(*Rings off and goes to the smoking-room.*)

"She mistakes my voice for his."

THIRD SCENE.

Baron Billericay, passing into his hall on his return from his business meeting, hears the telephone bell tinkling, and steps into the telephone box to answer the call himself.

"Yes, yes, yes; who is it? . . . What? Well, what if Mr. Perry *has* gone home? . . . Who is it? . . .

(*To himself.*)

"Bless my soul, here's Tom's sweetheart, the flower-girl, ringing him up, and she mistakes my voice for his! And what a sweet voice the girl has."

(*To the telephone.*)

"Yes, yes, yes, go on speaking, I'm listening, but I can't talk to you for a minute—er—might be heard, you know—go on."

(*To himself.*)

"*What* a charming voice! Suppose I listen for a few seconds without dis-illusioning her! An idea! I'll pretend to be Tom—just for a second. I wonder how these lovers talk! Let me see what I can do."

(*To the telephone, speaking with a slight drawl in imitation of Tom.*)

"My dear, my father does not approve of my engagement to you. What? . . . Oh, I told you that before? To be sure. But it's quite true, and my father says I cannot possibly marry you, and is quite determined that neither of you—er—that we are not suited to each other. In short, I really must insist that Tom—I mean that you and I—what? . . . oh . . . ah . . . yes."

"I really must insist that Tom—I mean that you and I—what? . . . oh . . . ah . . . yes."

(*Listens for several minutes to the voice at the other end of the telephone wire, with occasional interjections. Then says:*)

"Now, my dear, listen. . . . Oh, it's something wrong with the wire—*your* voice doesn't sound quite the same to *me*. What you say is certainly very proper, and shows quite the right spirit. If my father does object to our engagement, of course, we must submit to his will, and break off the match. I am delighted that you should take this view. But we will not act too rashly. Remember, my father has never seen you yet.

"My dear young lady, *who are you?*"

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"To tell you the truth, my dear, I have begun to take an interest in you—I mean, my father wants to know about you; for Tom—for I, that is, have never mentioned you to him, you know. First of all, I want to know where you got your voice from? . . . My father, of course. . . . Oh, he thinks you have a very refined voice. . . . Can't imagine. Now, will you please tell me exactly who you are? . . . For the millionth and *first* time, then—please explain how came it about that you are a flower-shop girl?

"Born in London—yes, yes, that's right, begin at the beginning, and give me every detail of your biography—for the father you know. . . . Mother died. . . . Father travelled abroad. Hurt by a lion in Africa when saving another man's life . . . indeed, that's curious—go on—lived abroad with you for some years. . . . Back to London, yes. . . . Suddenly taken very ill, so that you had to earn a living for both. . . . Good heavens, my dear young lady—*who are you?*"

(*Very excitedly.*)

"Never mind if you can't understand me, but what is your name? . . . Yes, but . . . er, how do you *spell* it? D-o-r-o-t-h-y—got that, yes—G-r-a-h-a-m, got that, Dorothy Graham—what, not daughter of James Fitzpatrick Graham? *Truly* his daughter? Why, my dear young lady, I knew your father before you or Tom were born. . . .

"Ah, you want to know who I am, now? Well, I'm *not* Tom—no, but I'm Tom's father, and if you will stay quite still where you are, I shall be with you within ten minutes. Then I will explain everything. No more questions now. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. Good-bye."

(*To himself.*)

"So Tom's flower-girl is Graham's daughter! And poor old Graham is sick, and the girl is earning a living for both—the old chap never did have any money! Well, it's a good thing that I found this out, for I can't afford to forget what he did for me—and Tom ought to be grateful too, for if it hadn't been for Graham there wouldn't have been any Tom at all, *that's* certain. Poor old Graham!"

(*Hurries out of the house.*)

LAST SCENE.

Miss Dorothy Graham, at Perry's flower-shop in Little Bond-street, asks over the telephone for the Hon. Thomas Dodd, at the Little Carlton Club:—

"—Is that you, Tom? Oh Tom, what do you think has happened? Your father is here, and I think he is just the dearest old man in the world, and I'm never to sell another flower so long as I live, and my father saved your father's life, and it's all right, Tom, dear, and after all he *may* give his consent.

"Now, dear, hurry, hurry, hurry, and come to us here. Not a word more now—come at once, or I shall fall in love with someone else! . . No, no; explanations when you come—*fly!*"

(*To herself.*)

"He's got his hat on by now—now he's in the street now he's in a cab—coming, coming to me!"

(*Steps from the telephone box into the shop, runs to Baron Billericay, and holds up her face to his in the most winning way in the world.*)

"Dorothy Graham—what, daughter of James Fitzpatrick Graham?"

"Oh, Tom, what do you think has happened?"

"Now he's in a cab—coming to me!"

Dorothy runs to Baron Billericay and holds up her face to his.

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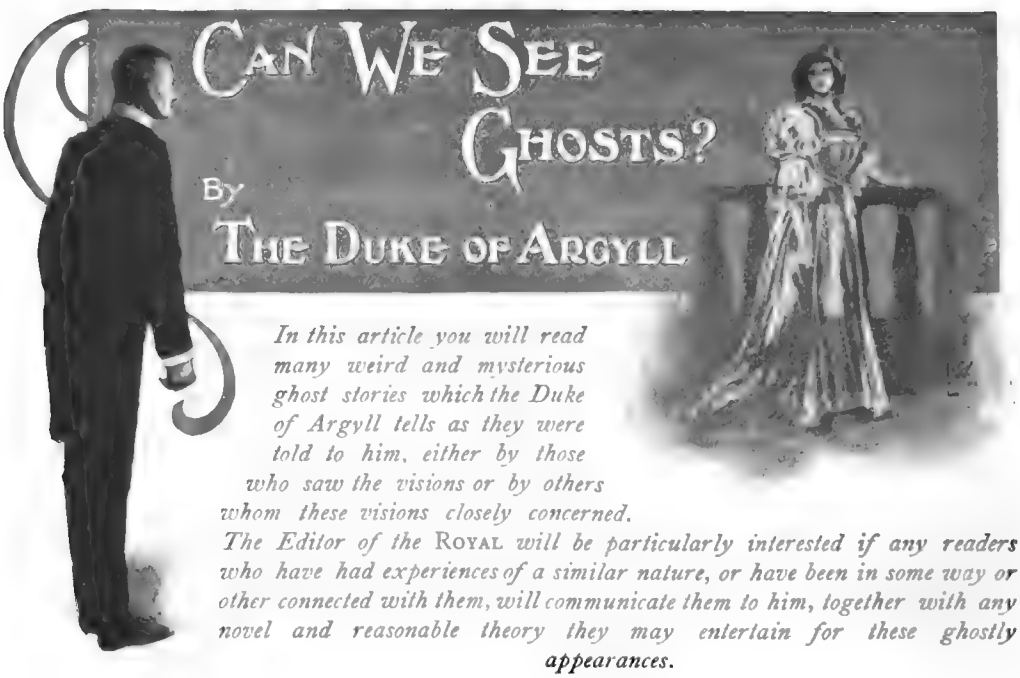

Can We See Ghosts?

By The Duke of Argyll

In this article you will read many weird and mysterious ghost stories which the Duke of Argyll tells as they were told to him, either by those who saw the visions or by others whom these visions closely concerned. The Editor of the Royal *will be particularly interested if any readers who have had experiences of a similar nature, or have been in some way or other connected with them, will communicate them to him, together with any novel and reasonable theory they may entertain for these ghostly appearances.*

Christmas should be a merry time. Why, then, have we singled out Christmas Eve as the most appropriate hour in which to tell ghost stories that curdle the blood, make cold shivers run down the spine, and all the feminine part of the company afraid to go down dark passages to their rooms at night, and when safe in bed still desire to have some aid and support within easy call? Is it that the force of contrast may be more fully felt? If so, what a disagreeable person Mr. Contrast must be!

Why is it, again, that apparitions almost invariably choose certain parts of old houses in which to make their appearance? It is nearly always in some special corner of a historic building that the dead reappear. Can a sentient atmosphere perpetually reproduce the image so often of old impressed upon it? What nonsense! So we say to all that is unknown and which cannot be explained.

What nonsense wireless telegraphy was a short while ago! Yet it existed. Man had not found out the way to make it speak. How many messages has the earth or the air stored up which have never been delivered, or never deciphered? They are waiting for the "receiver," the sympathetic listener who can interpret these messages and read their meaning.

Most of the philosophers who call themselves men of science may be mathematicians; but no amount of mathematics will enable you to verify and register. The philosophers have this one great advantage in argument. Their "observers" must have their observations checked and counter-signed by other observers before the scientific fact is admitted to be fact. Whereas a poor ghost seer sees something that may never be repeated. You must believe him; he must be taken on trust, and this is precisely what your man of science refuses to do.

Let us see what fresh evidence we have of there being some unscientific believers among us.

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM IN THE YELLOW DRESS.

There is a beautiful old manor house in Yorkshire, the property of Mr. X, which is never mentioned in the county without some question being asked concerning its ghost. It is such a charmingly dressed and such a beautiful ghost, and its story is so profoundly pathetic!

The last man who saw it was a celebrated painter, and a hardened sceptic so far as ghosts are concerned. He had been commissioned to paint Mr. X's daughter, and was

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invited to stay at the house a few days. Arriving at six o'clock one evening, he found that his host and hostess and their daughter were still out. He was accordingly shown directly to his room, where he remained until the sound of voices below warned him that the family had returned. He went downstairs, exchanged a few words with Mr. X, afterwards going back to his room.

When there he found he wanted his paint-box, and thinking it might have been left packed in his portmanteau in the box-room where he had seen it taken by the servant, he went in search of it.

A passage led from his room to the box-room. Having got what he wanted, he was returning to his room when, glancing over his shoulder down the corridor, he distinctly saw a lady in a beautiful blue and yellow evening dress standing at the top of four steps that led to a door.

He bowed, she returned his bow, and he retired to his room.

When dressed for dinner he went into the drawing-room, and found there the father, mother, and the girl.

Dinner was ready, and he was asked to take his hostess into the dining-room. But he paused a moment to inquire if there was not another lady coming to dinner.

"No; what lady?"

"The one I saw a few minutes ago standing in the corridor dressed for dinner!"

Then with some excitement they asked him to describe her.

He did so, in no little bewilderment, for the truth had not, as yet, begun to dawn upon him. And when he had finished they told him that he had just seen the family ghost.

Subsequently he learned that the beautiful apparition was the wife of a Cavalier who had been killed in the Civil War. She had died of a broken heart, and had often appeared in that same part of the house. Her dress was so remarkable that no one could mistake the figure.

Could she have reappeared where her soul had been moved by the tragedy that tradition reports? Is it possible that no great emotion ever wholly passes? Is it to be imagined that where scenes of deep feeling have been enacted there an *eidolon*, as the Greeks would say, or an image of the occurrence, or of the people connected with the tragedy, remains, and can be seen by those who have the power? Perhaps the person having the gift of sight may not come for ages, but is the sight not always visible to eyes gifted to see?

Does anything wholly perish? May it not be that all things done await only the discerning eyes, the attuning temperament again to prove that they existed?

THE GHOST OF A ROYAL PALACE.

An affair no less strange than the one just recorded occurred not very long since in one of the Royal palaces near London. In this palace are peculiar apartments where those who lived in them in past times still "walk abroad."

Now one day not very long ago a woman, in the service of a lady staying at the palace, came to her mistress with a curious tale. She had seen, she said, when quite casually entering her mistress's room, a most extraordinarily dressed person. At first she thought of inquiring what the intruder was doing in another person's room, but then thinking she might be someone who had a right to be there, discreetly retired.

"What was she like?"

"Oh, such an odd-looking person," replied the maid; "and so quaintly dressed! She wore a high dark cap with a long scarf falling from the top of it."

Nothing more was said to the maid. But the explanation of her story is a strange one, for in another part of the palace there is a picture of the "odd-looking person" she saw in her mistress's room, and the picture represents the nurse of King Edward VI. She had been seen more than once before just where the maid saw her.

A HAUNTED SCOTTISH CASTLE.

Of course it is only seldom that ghostly visions can be verified by, and are traceable to, events which are known to have occurred, or to persons of whom history bears a record. For the large majority of ghostly appearances there are no explanations.

Of such a nature are the two I am about to relate. Their origin—for, after all, if we take these appearances to be true, they must have some origin in the past—their origin, I say, remains unknown. They were both seen in the same place, the turret chamber of a certain well-known Scottish castle.

It was on Sunday morning and the family had all gone to church, with the exception of the children. They were playing quietly together when a sound as of wood blocks being thrown from some considerable height attracted their attention.

This struck them as strange, for it was only on week-days that wood blocks, brought from the sawmill for consumption in the castle, were thrown into a wide area behind the

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castle. Beside which, the sound came from a turret off the library. Decidedly the affair needed clearing up.

So the children, rather nervous, for they were practically alone in the house, started off on a tour of investigation. Arriving at the turret chamber from which the sound proceeded, they found the door ajar. But no one having sufficient courage to enter, a billiard cue was brought into requisition and the door cautiously pushed open.

A sudden panic seized them; they beat a hasty retreat, but arriving at what they considered a safe distance, they turned and looked through the now open door.

What did they see?

Staggering across the floor was a little man, kilted and bearing a heavy load on his back. That was all. There was no one casting blocks into the area; there was no one like this little man in or about the castle, and though his appearance had nothing either frightful or mysterious about it, the sight of him seized the children with unwonted terror. They turned about and fled screaming away.

Years later, a young lady in the best of health sleeping in a bedroom close to the turret chamber was awakened by a call from her sister, also a healthy girl, who was sleeping in the adjoining room.

"Did you not see her?" said the sister who called. "She went into your passage."

"No—who?"

"A dark woman," was the answer. "I thought she came with a message. She shook my shoulder till I woke, and then stood looking at me, and seemed to move her arm, as though beckoning. She was well dressed in black. You must have seen or heard her."

No, nothing had been seen or heard.

Now both these stories are strictly true; there is no doubt whatever that the children saw the old man, and that the girl saw the strange woman at her bedside. Yet no legend or story exists to account for the presence of these apparitions; they will always remain a mystery. It is worthy of note that the turret is the only part of the castle where "strange things" have been seen and heard.

In the turret room of a certain Scottish castle apparitions have more than once been seen. On one occasion a young lady saw a woman standing at her bedside and beckoning her from the room.

WHAT THREE SOLDIERS SAW AND THE GUARD DIDN'T.

Impressions which only a single person discerns, may be ascribed by the sceptic to fancy, illness, or excitement; but have we any right to treat with contempt the repeated evidence of several witnesses who see the same thing?

Take, for one case, the reiterated statement of the sentry at the fort at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, that he saw the figure of an officer

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cloaked and shadowy, but certainly existant, cross the bridge into the fort. The first time the sentry saw the shadowy form, he challenged the intruder, and getting no answer, threatened to fire. The phantom passed on. The sentry shouted to the guard. The guard turned out.

They saw nothing!

Three nights after the same sentry at the same hour saw the same figure. This time there was a corporal with the sentry. He said he saw a shadow also.

Again the guard saw nothing!

Yet a third time a sergeant with the sentry saw the officer enter, and called to the guard with the sentry, the same result ensuing, for the guard could not see what the two men had both discerned!

At the fort at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, a sentry and other soldiers saw on three succeeding nights the shadowy figure of an officer cross the bridge into the fort.

TWO GHOSTS IN A MODERN HOTEL.

Now you will admit that a hotel at Munich is hardly the sort of place phantoms would choose for walking abroad in. Nor, I imagine, are ladies, intent on inspecting the art treasures of that town, very likely to see curiously-dressed phantoms in their temporary abodes — rooms fitted with electric lights, newly furnished, and looking on to a busy street. All is modern, up-to-date, prosaic.

And yet an English lady in similar circumstances met with a very mysterious experience. One early morning she lay in bed wide awake. Suddenly the door opened and two well-dressed cavaliers entered the room. One of these gentlemanly intruders had an old-fashioned uniform of bright yellow with blue facings. He wore high boots with no speck of dust on them. He made a low obeisance as he stepped forward from the door, taking off his cocked hat and almost sweeping the floor with it. He made a second low bow as he again advanced, and then a third, when he stood within a few feet of the bed. Behind him was another man equally well-dressed, but in a brown suit. As the lady looked astonished, they both retired, bowing as before.

Nothing was to be learned concerning either of these two apparitions, and no reason has been discovered why they should have appeared in a modern hotel and made such deep obeisance to an English lady. The hotel may have stood on the site of some older building where, perhaps, these people lived of yore. And the bedroom may have corresponded to the chamber into which the cavaliers used to enter, their hearts full of homage and devotion, to salute their lord or lady. But who knows?

A MALTESE GHOST.

Take, again, the case of Mr. Harry. All residents in Malta during "the eighties," and before, must remember the cheery gentleman who had the pleasant villa close to that part of the shore where St. Paul is supposed to have landed. A hale and hearty man, Mr. Harry, but a martyr to gout. "Ah!" I hear you say, "that may well account for any vision or

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spook the good gentleman saw." True, this might have had something to do with Mr. Harry's ghostly experience, for gouty people are notoriously given to dreaming dreams and seeing visions. But then, as in the previous story, his ghost was seen by others who certainly had never had a twinge of gout in their lives.

Well, Mr. Harry was one night sleeping peacefully when, on a sudden, he awoke with a start and a feeling of intense uneasiness. Then, without warning, a strange woman entered the bedroom from nowhere in particular, glided noiselessly across it, and disappeared through the wall at the further end, leaving Mr. Harry in a state of deadly chill and in no very enviable frame of mind.

When he described this weird experience to the household next morning he was laughed to scorn; no one believed him; he had been dreaming. And the affair was soon forgotten.

But one evening, some time after, Mr. Harry, who was on the ground floor at the time, was startled to hear piercing shrieks proceeding from his daughters' bedroom two floors above. Thinking they had been attacked by robbers, he rushed upstairs to their assistance, and, entering the bedroom, discovered them and a maid clinging together in a state of abject terror.

The two girls, assisted by the maid had been attiring themselves for a ball. Seated each in front of a toilette table, both young ladies had seen, in the looking-glasses, almost at the same moment, the figure of a woman glide noiselessly across the room and disappear into the wall beyond. The maid, who had been dressing the hair of one of the young ladies, had also seen the apparition. And its appearance had affected all three similarly with a feeling of deadly fear and as though an Arctic wind had chilled them to the bone.

The woman was in all particulars the same as Mr. Harry had previously seen. "And it gave us a shock," his daughters declared, "that we shall never get over." So frightened had they been that shortly afterwards they persuaded their father to let them leave the house.

THE VISION OF A MURDER.

We have all heard so many stories of premonitions—warnings which have been conveyed to certain people by sight or sound of events to come, and I am telling these as they were told to me.

It was from the Dean of a certain Cathedral in the east of England that I learned the following tale.

His niece, ordinarily a strong and active young lady, was slowly recovering from an unusually severe attack of scarlet fever, and was in a very nervous and weak condition when, one night, her sleep was disturbed by a strange and terrible dream.

It seemed to her that she stood before a house she had never in her life seen before, and that her sight could penetrate the walls as though they had been of glass. The whole interior lay open to her view; the staircase with curiously carved banisters, the lower rooms and the upper room with all they contained, and, finally, her attention focussed itself on one room in particular—a bedroom, the walls of which were covered with wall-paper of a peculiar pattern.

In one corner of the room was a bed, and on it lay a sick man. He was asleep, to judge from his appearance. Suddenly and silently another man entered the room, crept towards the sleeper, and with a quick movement, removed the pillow from under his head.

The sick man awoke and stared at the intruder with horror-stricken eyes. The next moment the pillow was brought down on his face and held there with all the murderer's strength. The sheets moved convulsively; the sick man was being smothered. . . . What followed the sleeper never saw, for at that juncture she awoke with a cry and in a fever of horror.

For change of air she was afterwards taken to the Cathedral town, and stayed for a while at the house of the Dean, her uncle. He tried to amuse her by driving her about in a pony chaise. One day he took her into the country to see a house which he thought might suit her, for her people intended to take a place in the neighbourhood. But on arriving at the palings before the path that led to the door, the girl showed the greatest reluctance to get out of the chaise.

"No! no!" she said, "not that place! I will not be taken there! It is the place I dreamt of!"

The Dean told her she was talking nonsense.

"No, no! I know the place! I will prove it to you. You will find that the stair is one with curious banisters, the pattern of the wall-paper is as I will describe it to you, also the peculiar pattern on the walls of that bedroom to the right of the stairs landing. The bed is placed in the corner, and in that bed the man was murdered. I will not go in!"

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A lady dreamed repeatedly that her spirit haunted a house she had never seen in the flesh. Happening later to visit the house, she was recognised by the housekeeper as the fleshly counterpart of the spirit she had more than once seen haunting the rooms and corridors.

The Dean discovered that all was exactly as she had said; he knew also that a very strange death had taken place lately in that house! He pressed her no further, agreeing with her that "the place would not do."

There is no doubt that the girl, through some strange bond of sympathy between her soul and that of the murdered man's, had witnessed a crime which to this day remains a mystery.

THE LADY WHO VISITS HER FRIENDS IN SPIRIT.

A very extraordinary instance of soul-detachment came to my knowledge a short while ago. The vision, or spirit of a lady, whom we shall call Mrs. L., is continually appearing to people of her acquaintance when she herself is in quite another place. She has no knowledge of these spiritual visitations, although she can generally account for them afterwards. They occur, as a rule, at the moment when she has been thinking earnestly of the person before whom she appears.

To give an instance. One night, some while ago, she went to a dance. Her sister, Miss M., who was to accompany her, was ill at the time, and had to remain at home. Not long after Mrs. L. had left, Miss M., lying in bed, saw her walk into the room. Surprised that she should have returned so early, Miss M. asked her if anything had happened. But, without answering a word, Mrs. L. turned and walked slowly out of the room, leaving her sister in a state of painful bewilderment.

How account for that mysterious silence? Had anything serious happened? Had she offended Mrs. L. in some way or other? She had certainly no recollection of having done so.

Some hours later Mrs. L. entered her sister's bedroom. This time, however, her manner was entirely normal, and, when asked to account for her previous appearance and extraordinary behaviour, she exclaimed in genuine astonishment:

"What do you mean? I've not been in this room since I left you early in the evening!"

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So the sisters compared notes and discovered that about the time when Mrs. L. made her first entry into the room she had been thinking rather anxiously about her sister at home, whose indisposition had caused her some uneasiness. Had her spirit really left her body and stolen to the bedside of Miss M.? Did there exist a bond of sympathy so strong between the sisters that the one by mere thought was able to impose a vision of herself upon the other—a vision so extraordinarily vivid as to be mistaken for reality, or was the whole affair an hallucination of Miss M?

"An hallucination," I hear the reader remark. But then, how is one to account for similar instances when Mrs. L. mysteriously appeared, not to her sister, but to other people?

On one occasion her child fell ill. Circumstances arose which forced Mrs. L. from tending it herself; she was obliged to leave it in charge of the nurse.

In the middle of the night the nurse, who knew that Mrs. L. was away, was considerably startled to see her enter the room, walk across to the bedside, and bend over the sick child. When spoken to she made no reply, but turned and left the room noiselessly, looking neither to left nor to right.

Once again investigation showed that the time of her appearance in the nursery coincided with the moment when her mind had been uneasily occupied with her sick child.

Yet another instance. The cook was one day preparing dinner. Happening to glance over her shoulder, she saw Mrs. L. standing beside her. She waited for Mrs. L. to speak. Mrs. L. was silent; she hazarded a question, but Mrs. L., without a word, turned and glided out of the kitchen.

When the cook subsequently learnt that Mrs. L. had been out the whole afternoon, her feelings were so shocked that she gave notice on the spot. She wasn't going to stay with such "goings on" in the house!

Even in her schooldays Mrs. L. so appeared to her girl friends. On five or six occasions girls in the same dormitory as herself awoke to see her standing in the moonlight. Yet, on jumping up, the vision disappeared, and there was Mrs. L. asleep in her bed.

So I think everyone must admit that the hallucination theory won't hold water in this case at least. And what makes the business all the more mysterious is that Mrs. L. invariably feels unwell the day following these weird visitations.

THE LADY WHO WAS RECOGNISED AS A GHOST.

Less gruesome than the vision of the Dean's neice, but quite as strange and mysterious, is a story which a great painter who recently died used to tell. A friend of his, a lady, was disturbed night after night by an extraordinarily vivid and unpleasant dream. At first she kept it to herself, believing it to be caused by a temporary nervous disorder, which would vanish if she kept herself otherwise in health. But the dream persisted and began to prey so powerfully on her mind that she came to dread sleep. Finally she told her husband all about it.

Each night, it appears, she dreamt that her spirit left her body and passed to an old house she had never in her life seen before. She witnessed no tragic events, there was nothing peculiar about the place; it was empty save for the caretaker, an old woman. To the dreamer it seemed that her spirit was compelled to go up the stairs, along the corridors, and from room to room. She had the sensation of being a ghost and haunting the place, and what particularly distressed her was that the old caretaker not only perceived her but lived in terror of her appearance.

Such was the dream which was preying on the lady's mind, and which, it seemed, she could not get rid of. Of course, her husband pooh-poohed the whole business, but, seeing that she was really distressed and ill, he proposed that they should leave town and travel about for a while.

They were staying in some out-of-the-way corner of England, when one day, for some reason or other, they went to look over a vacant house in the neighbourhood. Immediately the lady saw it its appearance struck her as being familiar, and when they were inside she turned abruptly to the old woman who had admitted her and whom she also seemed to recognise.

"Is this house haunted?" she asked.

"Well, mum," replied the caretaker, who regarded her with unconcealed aversion and fear, "*you* ought to know, considerin' as it's *you* that haunts it."

"RAT-TAT-TATERATAT!"

Only the other day a leading magistrate at Manchester was entertaining an old military friend at his house. Both host and guest

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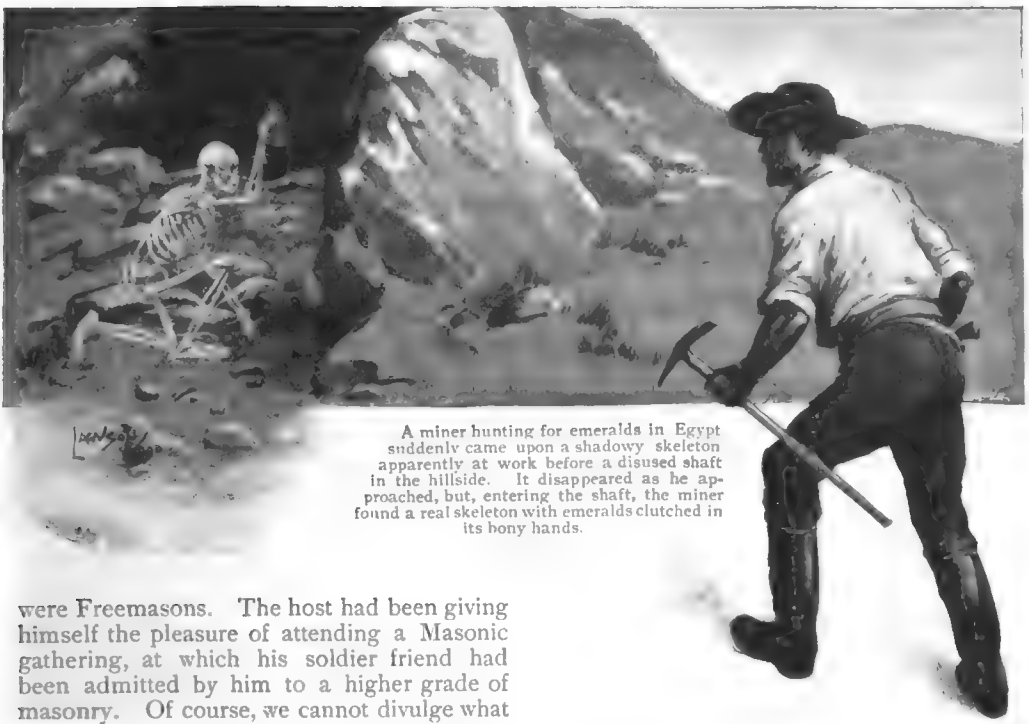

A miner hunting for emeralds in Egypt suddenly came upon a shadowy skeleton apparently at work before a disused shaft in the hillside. It disappeared as he approached, but, entering the shaft, the miner found a real skeleton with emeralds clutched in its bony hands.

were Freemasons. The host had been giving himself the pleasure of attending a Masonic gathering, at which his soldier friend had been admitted by him to a higher grade of masonry. Of course, we cannot divulge what this was. Nor need we particularise the signal by which such a newly-promoted Brother could communicate his rank to another Brother. Suffice it to say that the signal is given in raps, in a most spirited fashion. "Rat-tat-tateratat" was something like it.

Host and guest parted, one remaining at Manchester, one going to the country. The Manchester magnate went to bed, as magnates ought, at eleven.

He soon fell asleep. The night was very still.

But a little past twelve he suddenly started up wide awake.

In the profound silence he had distinctly heard the masonic signal rapped against the panes of his bedroom window—rat-tat-tateratat.

He had not been dreaming, for his wife had also been roused from sleep by the same sound. Being a very matter-of-fact person and in total ignorance of its significance, she was not particularly interested; but seeing her husband's excitement, she inquired what the sound meant, if anything was wrong, if anyone was there.

"What is the time?" he asked, not heeding her questions.

She lit the candle and looked at her watch. It was 12.10.

"Something has happened to our friend. Mark the time," said the Magistrate, and they once more turned to their pillows.

The sequel proved the truth of the magistrate's words, for the next morning he received a telegram telling him that his friend had died the night before.

But the post brought the crowning touch to this mysterious affair. A friend of the dead man wrote that he had died suddenly shortly after midnight, saying that he was quite prepared to go, but regretted leaving his friends. And just before breathing his last *he had expressed a special desire to bid farewell to his host of the previous day at Manchester.*

Can such events be put down to the imagination? Remember in this case both husband and wife heard the knock on the window-pane.

THE DEATH WARNING OF LORD —.

A sound like a distant roll of drums, or a carriage driving up to the door is supposed to forerun events of importance in several families.

A well-known member of the House of Lords, in whose family the ghostly sound of wheels is said to be a signal of death, heard it one evening when he was dining with a number of Turf Club friends, many of whom

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are still alive. His health left nothing to be desired at the time; there were no private troubles preying on his mind.

Immediately the sound came to his ears he sent a servant to see what carriage had driven up to the door. The servant returned and told him that no carriage was to be seen.

After a moment's silence Lord —— said calmly:

"Then it is my hearse."

Of course his friends imagined him to be joking. Who would take such a remark seriously?

But Lord —— died very shortly afterwards.

Is it possible that such warnings really occur in some families, or does tradition work so powerfully on the imagination of those whom it concerns as to bring about their death?

THE SKELETON WITH EMERALDS IN ITS HANDS.

I cannot do better than close this short article with one of the strangest and most romantic ghost stories I have ever heard. It comes from that land of mystery, Egypt.

An emerald miner was seeking in the face of a hill for some evidence of old workings. For long his search proved in vain, and he was about to give it up as a bad job, when his eye was suddenly attracted by a figure close at hand stooping over some stone and sand, and striking with what appeared to be a piece of rock.

For a moment he imagined it to be a fellow worker; but closer inspection proved it to be no more palpable than a shadow, and it appeared to the miner that the shadow was the shadow of a skeleton. The phantom arm rose and fell; but sound of blows there was none. The miner advanced hesitatingly towards this weird figure. He passed a rock that hid it from view for a moment. When he reached the other side the sand and stone over which the figure had been working was still there, but the figure itself had vanished. Wondering if what he had seen was nothing but an hallucination, the miner reached the spot where the shadowy skeleton had been at work. A little beyond he found a hollow which led to a shaft, and a glance convinced him that he had miraculously hit upon the disused workings for which he had been seeking so long.

He struck a light and entered the shaft, which seemed to run deep into the heart of the hill, and there, some forty-five yards from the opening, he suddenly came upon a skeleton lying stretched out at his feet.

Shuddering, he bent over it, and his eyes caught in the feeble light the green glitter of emeralds clutched in its fleshless hands. He mastered an overpowering desire to flee from the gruesome spot, took the stones from their horrible resting-place, and hurriedly retraced his steps. He declares that as he turned he saw a glint of emeralds in the hollow sockets of the eyes. But this must have been fancy.

In his hands, however, were the glorious proofs of the vision he had seen. He took the stones to London, and to-day they form the centre pieces of a beautiful necklace.

In later days when he visited the spot he found the tunnel had fallen in.

A weird and beautiful story, is it not? and, what is more, true in every word.

Let us each on Christmas night see a ghost with emerald eyes. If we do we must not be afraid of it. Emeralds are only crystal tinged with copper. A good wife is above rubies. Good girls should be above emeralds. A light supper will prevent any phantasms, whether of cavaliers, shrouded women, officers late for parade, or skeletons with either ruby or emerald eyes. So go to sleep and put out your light, which can alone cast the dreaded shadows!

THE DANCE.

The orchestra softly is playing,
Bright are the lights in the hall.
Slowly the dancers are gliding,
Held in a magic thrall.
A fig for Society's fetters—
Conventional bonds we ignore—
'Tis ours, my sweet, to find Heaven
As smoothly we traverse the floor.

The music grows fainter and fainter,
Till merged with the throb of each heart,
And we are alone in our kingdom,
From earth and the earth-folk apart.
Is it a waltz? Is it galop? Or two-step?
The hall and the crowd fade from view;
What matters the measure they're treading—
Those others? We care not, we two.

Now closer and closer I draw her,
Her hair brushes gently my cheek,
Her hand 'neath my fingers lies warmly,
How empty the words we would speak!
Our silence interprets a rapture,
All language—vain language—above.
A moment of paradise, truly,
With the music just breathing of love.

Play on, harp and fiddle, for ever,
And lengthen your languorous strains.
Play on through an æon of passion,
Till naught for our pleasure remains.
But ah!—there's the end that recalls us
To lights and mamma, and the rout,
A kiss, and we leave our snug corner,
Where we have been "sitting it out!"

EDWIN L. SABIN.

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THE HOLY FLY

An American Railway Story.

DEANE had protested when Superintendent Wayland—for economy's sake—closed the night signal-boxes on the line during the dull season.

"What's the good of a double line if we're going to maintain night signal-boxes?" was the conservative old official's inquiry to his subordinate.

"Give me one at Hayward," persisted Deane. "That's practically the centre. We're bound to get an occasional breakdown, if nothing worse."

"Try it without first. It's only forty-two miles," responded the superintendent shortly.

So Deane, still protesting, took over the increased responsibility and work.

There is an early story told, how this same Deane, youngest in age and experience of the Ixonia officials, after serving on night duty, had sat all day at the machine while the horrors of the Barton disaster crowded the wire, and the day-staff broke down when the death list began to come in, and with dread at their hearts paced nervously about corridor and platform. At four o'clock, when Colvin, the superannuated agent, had tottered into the office, his stick tapping a dreary accompaniment on the floor, he had found Deane alone.

"Twelve identified," the dispatcher had stated, in response to the old official's inquiry.

His haggard face and bloodshot eyes told a tale of suspense, but his finger, at that moment arranging a meeting point for train No. 3 with the corpse-laden special, was free from tremor.

* * * * * * * *

I saw Deane on that night, which I shall tell you about, when Pruden turned the Flying Dutchman loose against the workmen's special. Williams, the office boy, says he cried, but I don't believe he ever made that statement in Deane's hearing, although, if true, there is reasonable excuse, for Edith was a passenger on the Dutchman that night.

Deane won Edith against odds, for he is not a society man, in the conventional sense, and Edith Tracy was one of the most popular girls in Ixonia. Mrs. Tracy had frowned on the attachment from the beginning, but in Edith's father Deane's suit found a sturdy champion.

"Let 'em alone," he urged, in response to his wife's protest. "You can't stop a thing like that. The boy's all right. I'd sooner have him in the family than those society do-nothings. He knows a good horse, too. Edith shows her sense."

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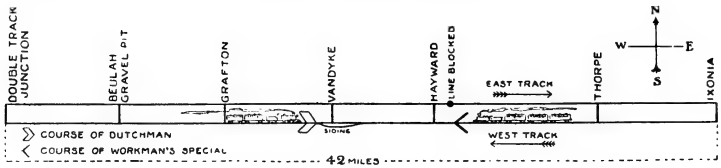

"I can't understand how it ever happened," said Mrs. Tracy mournfully.

But in the end she succumbed to the inevitable, and in keeping with the inconsistency of her sex, having assented, gave her gracious and enthusiastic support to the approaching union.

It was a few days before the wedding that Edith was returning from a visit to a distant town on the Flying Dutchman. The train was late, and had barely entered his section when Deane, at 6 p.m., resigned his seat to Pruden.

"Help the Dutchman along, Pruden," he added, "I want her here on time."

"I'll give her every show," said Pruden.

The Dutchman, on the time card simply Train Fifty-four, was due to arrive in Ixonia at ten o'clock. Deane, strangely uneasy in anticipation, started out before nine, and went toward the station. On his way he passed the High School and remembering Edith, a white-gowned and lovely pupil of a former year, halted for a moment outside.

"I've won a good deal in this last year," he thought reminiscently.

Crossing to the station, he saw Mrs. Tracy's carriage standing in the station-yard, and approaching it he saluted her.

"I know I'm early," she said, "but, somehow, I've been restless all the afternoon. Foolish, I admit, but I'm not apprehensive as a rule."

Deane laughed uneasily.

"It's natural to be a trifle nervous these days," he responded. "I can assure you, though, that everything's right. I let the train into the division myself. It was a trifle behind at six, but ought to make the time up easily. A bit past Double-track Junction now," he said, consulting his watch. "Swinging along at a good rate, too, I'll warrant," he added cheerfully.

Just then Pruden's voice, keyed to a high and unnatural pitch, called from the window above: "Hi! Deane!"

The strained tone of the aimless salutation caught Deane's ear discordantly.

"What is it, Pruden?" he asked.

"You, Deane? Are you there?" came the eager response. "Come up, quick!"

Deane excused himself to Mrs. Tracy and ran up the stairs.

Pruden was alone in the office. He was pacing the floor and wringing his hands.

"Deane, the Dutchman!" he groaned. The under-dispatcher was shaking like a leaf, and his words came in incoherent syllables.

Deane seized his subordinate's arm and shook him roughly.

"Confound you, speak!" he said fiercely; "speak, or I'll break your arm! Where is the Dutchman?"

"On the south track from Double-track Junction," mumbled Pruden, between spasmodic shivers. "East-bound local got a car off on thirty-two bridge. I held the Dutchman at the Junction until Nineteen got outside, then blocked both ends of the double line, and let the Dutchman in on the west-bound track."

"Well, well?"

"Deane, I—I forgot. The workmen's special follows Nineteen every night from Thorpe to Beulah Gravel Pit, and we haven't a night office between," and Pruden cowered like one expecting a blow.

Deane was at the key. "Did you try Grafton?" he asked.

"No use," responded Pruden brokenly. "He leaves at six."

"In Heaven's name, couldn't you take the chance?" cried Deane. "He plays cards in the station regularly. I've seen him often myself," and he rapped the call.

"G-n," spoke the sounder in the second station east of Double-track Junction. Several men were seated round a table in the snug office, when the telegraphist's alert ear caught the familiar click.

"Not much, Prudy," he remarked facetiously. "We don't work at nights here."

That operator's opportunity to win more in a minute than he could have hoped to win in a life-time at cards was fleeting, for receiving a good hand in the deal, his "I go nap" was drowned in the roar of the Flying Dutchman's passage.

"Say, Si," said one of the company, "wasn't the Dutchman on the south track?"

"I didn't notice," replied the operator

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carelessly. "Maybe. They block both ends sometimes an' send her that way. Orders are to keep her to time." The sounder still clicked, nervously and persistently.

"Won't you ever leave off?" questioned the operator. "Well, I s'pose I'll have to answer him. Hold on, boys, a minute."

He tipped back in his chair and touched the key, and that simple "G" repeated in the dispatching office at Ixonia offered hope to the two men sitting there with tense nerves and drawn features.

"Flag Fifty-four," Deane shot back.

"Fifty-four passed here two minutes ago," came the reply.

Deane drew a long breath.

Pruden utterly collapsed.

"Forty-two miles," muttered Deane, rubbing his forehead, "Thorpe. That cuts out eight. Thirty-four. Dutchman will make twenty-five to the workmen's twelve, if it pulled out right behind Nineteen. Twenty-five — twenty-five — let me think! Oh, God, let me think! Twenty-eight minutes." His forefinger dragged on the sheet. "They'll meet about here. If we only had a night man at Vandyke! Johnston might be in." His head bowed low on the table. "God grant, please grant!" but no response came to the repeated V-d V-d.

Deane seized his subordinate's arm and shook him roughly.

Then calling through a tube, he summoned two messengers and had turned to the key again when Mrs. Tracy's voice came from the doorway. "Is everything all right, Mr. Deane?"

He tried to smile. "Pray, excuse me, Mrs. Tracy, I'm tied here for a moment. The train's a little late, that's all. I suggest that you return to your carriage. It's so—warm up here. I'll let you know in time."

Mrs. Tracy smiled back. "I'm foolishly nervous," she said.

Deane listened to her descending steps.

"What grace can a liar expect?" he muttered: "but I couldn't tell her."

He was clicking a message to the shops: "Attach Superintendent's car to wrecking outfit, load all available hospital material in same, and run to Ixonia Station for further orders."

Two messengers came scrambling up the stairs, but their boisterous entrance was curbed by the crisp tone that greeted them.

"Williams, take the telephone and keep quiet. Garvin, you hurry off and bring Dr. Bartlett and Dr. Shrock to the station as fast as possible. If you can't find them, get some others. Crook will know where to go. One minute—Mrs. Tracy's carriage is near Crook's stand. Get him outside before you tell him. That's all.

"Williams, you call up Mr. Wayland's house. Tell him we've got a bad wreck, and the outfit will be at the station in ten minutes."

But even as the boy twirled the crank the sounder tapped a message from the Superintendent: "Send all personal and urgent mail to Melville on Fifty-three. Shall remain here until to-morrow night. WAYLAND."

The telegraphist's alert ear caught the familiar click.

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An instant later Deane was sending a message, simple in words, but dreadful in import, to his superior at the opposing division terminal:

"Wayland, Melville. Train Fifty-four, running east on the west-bound track, will meet workmen's special at a point between Vandyke and Hayward. Have ordered out wrecking train, and summoned local surgeons."

Pruden, rousing from his lethargy, listened and comprehended the grim rasp. "Oh, God, Deane!" he moaned. The chief dispatcher turned fiercely in his chair. "Be quiet, or get out of here!" he exclaimed, between dry lips. "My girl's on that train."

During the previous concentration he had scarcely given a thought to Edith individually, but now her personal peril came to him in telling force. He picked at the blotter as he considered the arrangement of the Dutchman's cars. Edith would ride in the ladies' saloon, two or three carriages from the engine, and he thought of the heavy sleeping-cars behind, telescoping and grinding in the crunching impact; the mangled forms, the screams of agony—and—Edith! Deane covered his face with his hands.

Wafted on the night air came the notes of a clear soprano voice, and the words of the song, in distinct intonation:

When you and I that other life may know.

Deane's head burrowed in his arm on the table. Pruden, shrinking and broken, was sobbing convulsively.

The light breeze shifted, and the hoarse exhaust of the engine spitting cinders and flame on her path through the yard from the shops to Ixonia Station, with derrick, crane, and emergency cars swaying behind her, momentarily displaced the pure tones; then changed again, and once more the cadence rang high.

Deane spoke in a muffled and unsteady voice: "For Heaven's sake, close the window."

* * * * *

Some men acquire a soubriquet by deeds of valour, others because of peculiarity of features or carriage, others, unfortunately, by reason of deformity or disfigurement. Mr. Aloysius Thomas Cleaver earned his nickname by the use of an original epithet. During his connection with the railway at Ixonia, whenever occasion demanded, he was wont to give vent to his feelings, jubilant or otherwise, by the ejaculation, "The Holy Fly," and as a variation, "Well, by the Holy Fly." Just where the application came in, I am unable to explain, and I never knew anyone who affected to know, but among a class of men addicted to nicknames, an opportunity so alluring could scarcely be missed.

Consequently young Cleaver's identity speedily merged from Holy Fly to mere Fly, and at a later period (sums of money having disappeared from a safe in his room) the latter title was resigned for a number of three figures, and the Holy Fly was immured behind prison walls. The Fly was out of luck. He got four years.

The same day that Edith Tracy rolled homeward to Ixonia on the Dutchman his term expired.

He left the prison, with a small sum of money, a railway pass to Vandyke, an ugly suit of clothes, and a head of hair of uniform length all over. He passed through Ixonia, west-bound, on the mail train, about one o'clock. Under favourable circumstances, he would have reached his destination at about the hour of Edith's departure from it. Indifferent fate, in the form of an ebony-complexioned gentleman, equipped with three dice and a variety of grunts and expletives, ordained otherwise, and—well, the Fly knew the game. His last coin vanished as the train stopped at Vandyke. Confronted by this condition, the Fly quietly sought the end of the mail car.

Green, guard of the mail, spying the Fly's retreat, promptly approached him.

"Ticket!" said he.

"You've got a double line here now," remarked the Fly.

"Get off!" growled Green, climbing the steps.

The Fly alighted and Green gave the signal to proceed. The guard mounted the first coach platform, and so did the Fly.

"Say, guard," panted the latter pleadingly, "carry me on a bit; I'm all right."

"I'll carry ye, by——!" puffed the guard, and he kicked the intruder clear of the train and half across the right of way.

The Fly sought the seclusion of a pile of sleepers, and slept until eight o'clock, when waking, he proceeded down to the line to the little station which he found dark and deserted. He raised a window and crept inside. Some crusts soothed the demands of his stomach which the diet of the past few years had rendered easy to satisfy. A pipe and a cigar box half full of tobacco found in a cupboard beside the ticket case, afforded a sense of luxury, appreciated only by experience.

The Fly leaned back in a chair and

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smoked two pipes in absolute quiet. Then he drew the shades carefully, lit the office lamp and turned it low. Association had rendered station appointments familiar to him, and after rummaging a few minutes, he produced an old knife, adapted to screw-driver purposes, and, stooping, proceeded to remove a drawer, which was fastened underneath the broad window shelf. "We always used to leave the small change," he muttered. "It's a careless trick, too."

While thus employed, he stopped twice to listen to the click of the instrument.

"V-d," he repeated. "That's Vandyke. Wonder if they keep a night man here. If they do he's probably sneaked away to the nearest saloon. I used to."

"Click-click-te-click."

"Well, that's funny," he soliloquised.

"Dispatcher ought to know the office list of his line; an' say," he continued, laying aside the impromptu tool, "I wonder what these people put in that double line for? They ain't near so crowded as they used to be. Haven't had a train in either direction for over half-an-hour."

"Click-click-te-click."

"Break away, old horse, I can't do business with you, I ain't a union man," responded the Fly, resuming his task. The drawer came loose in his hands, and he was enriched to the value of seventy cents from its contents. "Who is this guy?" he queries, reaching for a ledger. "Johnston. Same old boy. H'm. I remember you, Johnston; you're a liberal man. Thanks! I'm deeply grateful."

He refilled the pipe and was lighting it when Deane's message to Superintendent Wayland flashed along the line.

"Train Fifty-four, running east on westbound track, will meet workmen's special at a point between Vandyke and Hayward. Have——" The pipe fell to the floor.

"Vandyke! Hayward! This is Vandyke! Holy Fly! Does this man show a light? Course not! Where the dickens does he keep his lamp?" and the Fly tore through the diminutive waiting-room and out into the luggage-room. "Here, red globe. Good!"

It was lighted in an instant, and the Fly went through a window, glass, sash, and shade.

He hung the lantern on the extending bracket arm, and sped up the track to the switch. He beat the lock off with a heavy spike he found near, and threw the switch to a reverse position. The light surmounting the stand showed red both ways along the line! He paused a moment to jam the lever, then flew back to the station. His finger tapped the key, and though the touch had become blunted by months of labour in the prison stone yard, and the action was strained and uneven, sweeter music never greeted dispatcher's ears than that sequence of halting dots and dashes.

An ebony-complexioned gentleman equipped with three dice and a variety of grunts and expletives.

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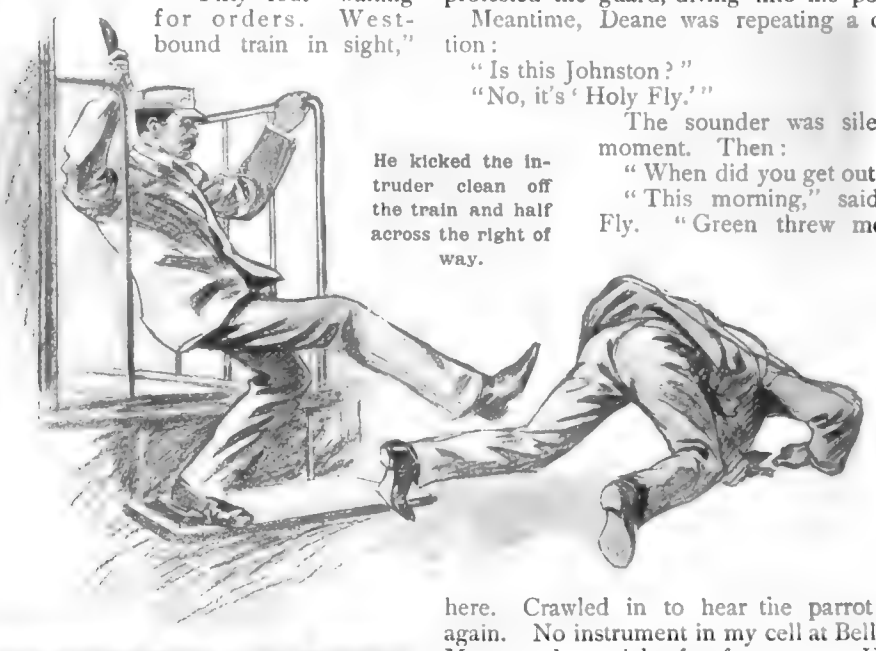
"Ixonia—Vandyke—danger signal out for all trains. South-track siding switch open."

Deane's response came instantly. "Flag east-bound train Fifty-four, and hold in siding."

Three minutes later the Dutchman was standing at the station, and the Fly was ignoring the guard's remarks:

"Fifty-four waiting for orders. West-bound train in sight,"



He kicked the intruder clean off the train and half across the right of way.

he sounded; and then addressing the irate official: "Say, guard, cast your eye eastward. There is a fine full moon for you!" The functionary turned and viewed a bright headlight, emerging from the cutting, two miles east of Vandyke.

"But I've got the right of this track," protested the guard, diving into his pocket.

Meantime, Deane was repeating a question:

"Is this Johnston?"

"No, it's 'Holy Fly.'"

The sounder was silent a moment. Then:

"When did you get out?"

"This morning," said the Fly. "Green threw me off here. Crawled in to hear the parrot talk again. No instrument in my cell at Bellview. Man gets homesick after four years. Heard your message to Wayland."

"God bless you," clicked the sounder. "Write yourself a telegraph pass over Deane's signature, and come up here on Fifty-four. This company will do a good deal for you."

"Thanks," returned the Fly. "Will come in the morning. Had to break window and my arm's cut. Workmen's special is in. Send orders for Fifty-four."

Later, when the Dutchman had started again on its thunderous course and Horn's train had dragged slowly out and vanished in the night, the Holy Fly returned the coins he had abstracted to the drawer, and fastened it again with care.

Then he refilled and lit his pipe, and sat down in wide-eyed meditation to wait for daylight. He did not sleep, for at intervals he would break out in a queer little chuckling laugh—the laugh of a man who had had little to be amused at for four years. His luck had changed. And then he would raise his hand and smite his leg, exclaiming:

"Well, by the Holy Fly!"

He would raise his hand and smite his leg, exclaiming: "Well, by the Holy Fly!"

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The start of the pushed ball. The blue team have first push. They line up fifteen yards off to make a flying charge against the ball.

PUSH-BALL—THE FIGHTING GAME.

By E. V. Hanegan.

(The man who brought the game to England.)

[Photos by Russell & Son.

Push-ball, the new game from America, is called out West the fighting game, and this expression perfectly sums it up. Played with a ball measuring some six feet in height, push-ball is a game for giants—such a game (unlike ping-pong) as the gods on Olympus might have played without great loss of dignity.

It was "out West" where the game found its first popularity—in Connecticut. In those parts they despise parlour games; and when the monster six foot push-ball was invented, the strenuous athletes found it just the thing to give them the *real* exercise that they hungered after in games, and they hailed push-ball with acclamations.

Clubs sprang up, a league was formed, whose popularity became the envy of all rival athletic coteries, and now the game is one of the joys of life to the youth of New England—an area about twice the size of Old England. It is inspiring to see with what vigour the American schoolboy teams play the game.

There is no game more strenuous in existence than push-ball. It has made perfect an old feature in ball games—the complete and perfect combination of the teams. A team, consisting of eight men, locks itself into one coherent mass, and, launching itself like a battering-ram on the ball, drives the monster plaything into the territory of the enemy, never losing touch of it until rewarded by death or victory! It is the main duty of the captain to keep his battering-ram of a team "on the ball" (in the correct phrase) throughout the game. Apart from this, there is an equal amount of work for every man to do.

A solitary man standing between the goal-posts, shivering with cold and doing nothing whilst his comrades play a winning game, is a sight unknown in push-ball. The eight men of the team work as one, for no one man could withstand the terrific oncoming of the mighty push-ball when eight brawny athletes are pushing behind it with all their strength.

When I (together with Mr. Billy Tucker) introduced push-ball to British sportsmen, my greatest difficulty was to get a ball made. The first manufacturer I applied to wanted £100 before he would make my six foot ball, another wanted £80, and others sums between £100 and £50. Finally, I found a man who would make me a ball for £40—and a splendid ball it is. It is as good as new, even now, in spite of the rough handling (or rather shouldering) it has received at the exhibition games that I have organised in London and in the provinces.

This £40 push-ball stands, when inflated, five feet six inches high, and measures eighteen feet in circumference. The outside cover is composed of interwoven layers of canvas, made in twelve sections, with pig-skin leather seams. The indiarubber bladder within the case weighs twenty-five

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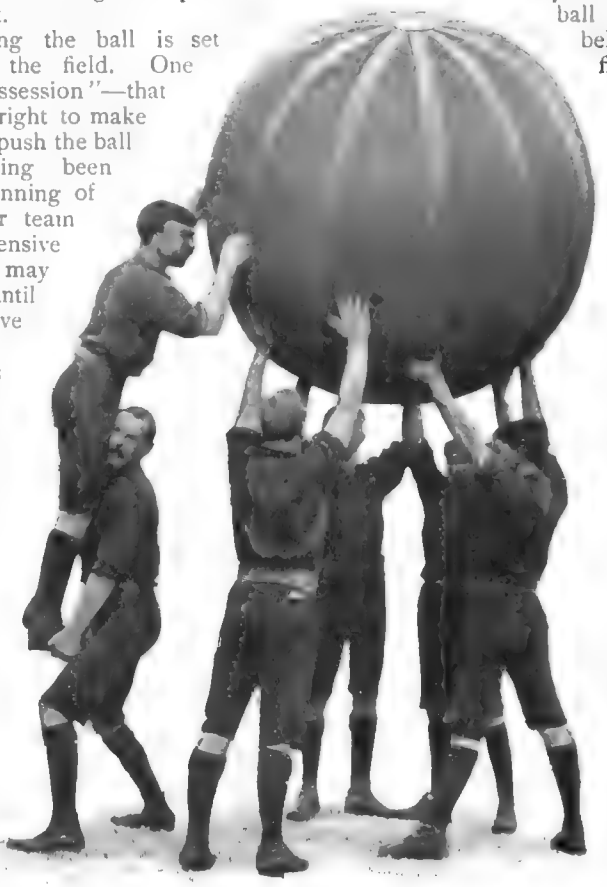
pounds. Monster as the ball is, when once fairly set rolling a player needs to be in very good condition to keep up with it, and it is surprising how easily it may be guided in any desired direction. It responds to the lightest touches.

As to the game itself, it is played on an ordinary football ground, and the object of the players is simply this—to send the ball through their opponents' goal, or over the goal line—a goal scoring three points, and a try one point.

In the beginning the ball is set in the centre of the field. One team is "in possession"—that is to say, has the right to make the first attempt to push the ball—this point having been decided by the spinning of a coin. The other team must act on the defensive at the start, and may not push the ball until their opponents have touched it.

Now the attackers—the team in possession—may push off in any one of three ways.

Firstly, the whole team may line up in a bunch against their side of the ball, and at the word "play" throw all their weight against it, pushing with their shoulders. As soon as the attackers begin to push from their side, the defenders also begin to push from *their* side—and of course the team with the strongest pushing powers will drive the other back.



Another way of starting the game of push-ball is to raise the ball on the hands of the players, and try to carry it some way down the field without allowing the opposing side to get a chance to push it.

Secondly, the attackers may open the game by an "air-push"—that is, by raising the ball aloft in their hands, and pressing forward with the monster above their heads. As soon as the word "play" is given, the defending side push on the ball with their upraised hands, and some very pretty ball-juggling will take place. It is a work of art to raise the great ball, and it takes two or three strong men to hold it steadily when in the air. Probably the attackers will not get far with the ball, before the defenders succeed in twisting it from their grasp, and pushing it to the ground, where, if they are the heavier team, their weight can be thrown against the ball to the best advantage.

Thirdly, the attackers may adopt a flying formation when making the start. They may charge down upon the ball from any point behind it within fifteen yards. The defenders, as in the first case, may line up against the ball to receive the attack, but they must not push themselves, until after the charge has been met.

Now, the attacking team—the team "in possession"—is allowed to make three attempts to advance the ball—known as first push, second push, and third push. Hence the game is not a continuous struggle, like football, but consists of a number of short, sharp tussles. The referee is the sole judge of what constitutes a "push"—a "push" holding good so long as the team in possession can keep the ball rolling towards the enemy's goal. If the defenders prevent them from moving the ball at all, or push them back, their "push" ends.

If in three pushes the attackers advance the ball ten yards or more towards the defenders' goal, they are entitled to another series of three pushes, and the attackers do not give up their possession of the ball until the defenders succeed in confining the advance made in

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Another way of starting the game is for the side who has won the toss to charge *en masse* against the ball. They are allowed a fifteen yards' run; here the defending side are seen packed against the ball to withstand the rush.

three pushes within ten yards. An umpire with a white flag marks the ten-yard lines.

But if after three pushes the attackers fail to advance the ball by ten yards, their opponents take possession, and become attackers in their turn.

The players "in possession" nearly always open a game with a flying start; and a more sensational beginning can hardly be imagined! The defending side must brace themselves to receive a terrific shock. This they do by bunching themselves into the closest possible formation—four forwards in front, having their shoulders to the ball, four behind, gripping the others round their waists. The attackers, fifteen yards away, also lock themselves together, as in a Rugby scrum.

Then, at the word play, they stoop, and run swiftly, and hurl all their weight upon the ball—a sixteen-legged battering-ram that strikes the ball with a terrific impact.

Apropos, I remember a funny incident. A defending team, lined up against the ball to receive a flying charge, suddenly became panic-stricken as the attacking eight bore down upon them. Appalled at the prospect of the broadside, they turned and fled. The result was disastrous for the players charging—for, unable to check their impetus, they dashed into an unresisting ball, which gaily careered from them, and left them flat on Mother Earth, seeing visions, doubtlesss, of thousands of elusive push-balls.

The excitement of push-ball is infectious. The onlookers, who can follow every point in the play, and who can never lose sight of the ball, as in a football scrimmage, become as absorbed in the game as the players. The players declare that there is a charm in charging the great ball—and vast fascination in pushing the other side through their goal-posts by sheer strength and weight. The confirmed push-baller regards the footballer as a deluded mortal.

In this position the blue side is working the ball round towards the right, with the result that one of the opposing side has had nothing to push against and has fallen down.

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A MILLIONAIRE'S SECRET

By A. Demain Grange.

"The things that are most worth having are the things you cannot buy."

The scene represents the interior of a well furnished library. A heavily curtained archway in the centre, with a passage backing. An armchair drawn up in front of a fireplace, on the left; a bright fire burning in the grate. On the right, a desk; a telephone apparatus and a large photograph of a young lady in Australian bush costume, on either hand.

(*John Danvers, Millionaire, is discovered seated at the desk hastily glancing through the letters and papers. He is a tall spare man of about forty-five, with crisply curling iron-grey hair, delicately pencilled eyebrows, and a firm mouth and chin. He is dressed plainly, and wears on the little finger of his left hand a gold ring curiously fashioned out of a single large nugget.*)

Danvers (*Pausing with a card in his hand.*) "Sir Tudor and Lady Parke-Lane request the pleasure of Mr. Danvers' company at dinner on Tuesday, January 14th, at eight o'clock. R.S.V.P." Just so—just so! Lady Patricia Parke-Lane has on hand a couple of marriageable daughters, either of whom she would be very pleased to dispose of to Mr. John Danvers, Millionaire—and no questions asked! (*Tosses the card aside and picks up a circular.*)

"The Universal Motor-Car Trust Company. Managing Director, John Danvers, Esquire." Yes, yes! Managing Director is a title of considerable importance nowadays. Doubtless we shall soon find it figuring in Debrett, with precedence over Baronets and younger sons of Barons! (*Throwing down circular, opens and reads a letter.*)

"Dear Mr. Danvers.—Just a line to wish you every happiness on your birthday, and beg your acceptance of the accompanying little offering——" Hem! (*Breaks off and takes up a very large parcel which he regards with an amused smile.*) Society has strange notions regarding size! Lord Cumnor owns the finest mansion in four counties. He calls it his "little place"! (*Continues reading.*) "Will you come and dine with us in a friendly way next Thursday at 8 o'clock?—Yours sincerely, Agnes Etherington. P.S. Babs joins me in good wishes." (*Looking up from the letter.*)

Hum—a widow, refined and domesticated, to be had for the asking. Would make a suitable partner for a man of means, and is eminently qualified to take charge of a millionaire's establishment. No

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reasonable offer refused. Well, well! I might do worse. And then there is little Babs—— (*The telephone bell rings violently. He puts down the letter and listens.*)

Yes? Oh—buy the lot! What! Not worth the price, eh? Well, they soon will be if I buy them! Yes. (*Switches off and again takes up the letter.*)

And then there is Babs. Yes, I might do worse! What do you think, Kitty? (*Takes up the large photograph and regards it earnestly for a few seconds.*) Poor old girl! it does seem hard that you who helped so loyally in the making, are to have no share in the "pile" now it is made. But it isn't like what we thought it would be, Kitty—it isn't like what we thought it would be! Those "good times" we dreamed of seem to have lost something in the realisation. The pleasure of wealth is after all but a poor recompense for the burden. One hour of the old free life up at Kalgoorlie, with its eager hopes and keen anticipations, was worth more than I could pay to-day. (*Looks at the ring on his finger.*)

Ah, yes! The morning I found this nugget and brought it home to you, Kitty, we knew the best that life has to give us. (*Leans the photograph against one of the parcels and folds his arms upon the table.*)

And then came the worst. That night in Melbourne—your last, Kitty! Everything was a blur to me then, old girl, but I can see it all only too plainly now! The great silent room, with its tall ghostly mirrors reflecting in their sombre depths that scene within the circle of the lamp light; the grotesquely-carved posts and the rich hangings of the bed where you lay with one arm thrown across the snow-white coverlet—dying. Wealth, almost limitless wealth, everywhere around you; and yet—*you are dying!* Yes, yes! Sooner or later we must all learn that lesson. The things that are most worth having are the things you cannot buy. (*Pauses for a moment with his head resting upon his hand, and then continues in a changed voice.*)

You are dying. I can hear the hushed whispers and the stealthy footsteps of the servants as they pass and re-pass outside the door. For they, too, loved you, Kitty; and presently, as I sit here —alone—they will come in silently, one by one, and I shall know then all you were as I never knew it before. But not yet—not yet! First I must take the cold little hand between my own; and strive to smile back bravely as I bend low to catch that last faint murmur, "Good-bye, Jack. Have a good time." Then—as I have often done in my dreams since! I must look into your eyes and see—God! will that vision *never* fade! (*Starts to his feet and presses his hand to his eyes. Presently he recovers himself and sitting down draws the photo towards him.*)

And I am thinking of marrying again! Nay, do not look at me so reproachfully, Kitty. No one will ever be to me what you were. To no woman could I give such love as I gave to you. But this is a big house, Kitty, and sometimes I feel very lonely; and there is another reason. Ah! that is the most important of all. *Kitty, I have a secret.* A great secret I have told to no living soul, such a secret as I dare hardly own to myself! And I tell it now to you because you will understand, and perhaps you will be able to find an excuse for me. Do try, Kitty; won't you? It means so much. (*Pauses and then continues thoughtfully.*)

Ever since you left me I have been alone. Surrounded by those who called themselves my friends; courted and flattered by those who were not above accepting the hospitality they secretly affected to despise; the public associate of noblemen and princes; my name a household word with the man in the street—still, I have always been alone! Often have I longed for one true friend whom I could trust as I trusted you. Often have I yearned for someone to love me, not for what I have, but for what I am. Such disinterested friendship and such pure, unselfish love, no wealth can purchase. They are the things most worth having, and the things you cannot buy. No! you cannot buy them, but they may be had for the seeking. And I have found them—in the heart of a child! (*Pauses thoughtfully for a few seconds and lays absently with the open letter.*)

Yes, yes! A merry, brown-eyed little maiden, with a heart of gold and a disposition sweet and lovable as your own, Kitty. A child—with all a child's frankness and innocence; a child—such as we might have had—if you had

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stayed. (*Takes up the letter, glances at the postscript and then lays it down again.*)

Little Babs is all to me that a daughter of yours *could* have been. I could not love her more were she indeed my own child. Sometimes I think she was sent to console me for all I have lost. Oh, Kitty! don't you see—I cannot let her go! She alone, of all the many who throng round me, has brought back into my life some of the sunshine you took away with you. Child as she is, she has taught me the value of her simple faith and trust more than the friendship of princes and the smiles of kings. She has awakened in me a new zest for life; and without her—I cannot live! (*Pauses.*) What? You do not yet understand? You do not realise what it is I am contemplating? Kitty—I am thinking of making Babs' mother my wife! That is my secret. *I am thinking of marrying Agnes Etherington—because I love little Babs and I want her for my own!* There is no other way; and have her I must. Oh, Kitty! does it seem very dreadful—very wicked? Is there no excuse for me? Honestly, I like Agnes better than any of the others, and she is as fond of me as it is in her nature to be fond of anyone. We are neither of us young. The—the arrangement will be to our mutual benefit. Agnes will have everything she can desire, and I—I shall have Babs. Such marriages are taking place in the world around us every day; and in the majority of cases they turn out well. Yes, yes! We shall be contented and—and happier for the companionship. (*Pauses and takes up the photograph.*) But love—love such as ours—no, Kitty! That only comes once in a lifetime. It is the perfection—the completion—the consummation of our possibilities; once given we have no more to give! (*Regards the photograph thoughtfully and then lays it down upon the table.*) And that other love?—my love for Babs. That is different. It is the unconscious longing of a greater love for its fulfilment. The fulfilment that can never be! Ah, Kitty! you, too, have known that longing, and you can feel for me. For I—I am alone! (*Leans forward upon the desk, his head bowed upon his folded arms.*)

FOOTMAN (*announcing with a broad smile*). Miss Babs Etherington.

(*Presently a gorgeously-attired footman enters through the central archway, bearing a letter upon a tray.*)

FOOTMAN. A letter, sir.

DANVERS (*Starting up.*) Eh? (*Takes the letter and turns it over.*) Hum!—no stamp. Twopence to pay—most unbusiness-like! (*Frowns, and then smiles as he reads the address.*) From—Babs! (*Lays the letter on the desk before him, a*

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great tenderness stealing into his eyes. The Footman quietly withdraws.)

So Babs has not forgotten me on my birthday? I thought she wouldn't—I knew she wouldn't! (*Hastily opens the envelope and reads the letter, spelling out the more curious specimens of orthography.*) "DEAR MISTER DANVERS,—I am riting this to wish you very many happy returns of yure birfday—my spelling is not speshully good bekause I have ritten this all by myself. Charlotte is posting it to-nite so you will get it sumtime in the morning as I want you to, and I am cuming then to give you a suppiise. This is a secret bekause muvver ses I ort not to cum so offen bekause she ses it dus not 'look well.' I herd her say this to Charlotte, but I don't kno wot it menes; and I have per—per—swa—swaded Charlotte to bring me to-morror morning wile muvver is out. It is very rong but I must see you on yure birfday. Charlotte ses, ony I wasn't to tell you, that sumday you might marry muvver, then you wood be my papa. That wood be luvely! Oh, do, Mister Danvers, to plese—yure little sweetheart.—BABS. (*Looking up from the letter.*)

Dear little Babs! This is the first time I have heard of a man being asked by his sweetheart to marry another woman! The request is really too original not to be granted.

(*The footman appears and sweeps back the curtains with one hand.*)

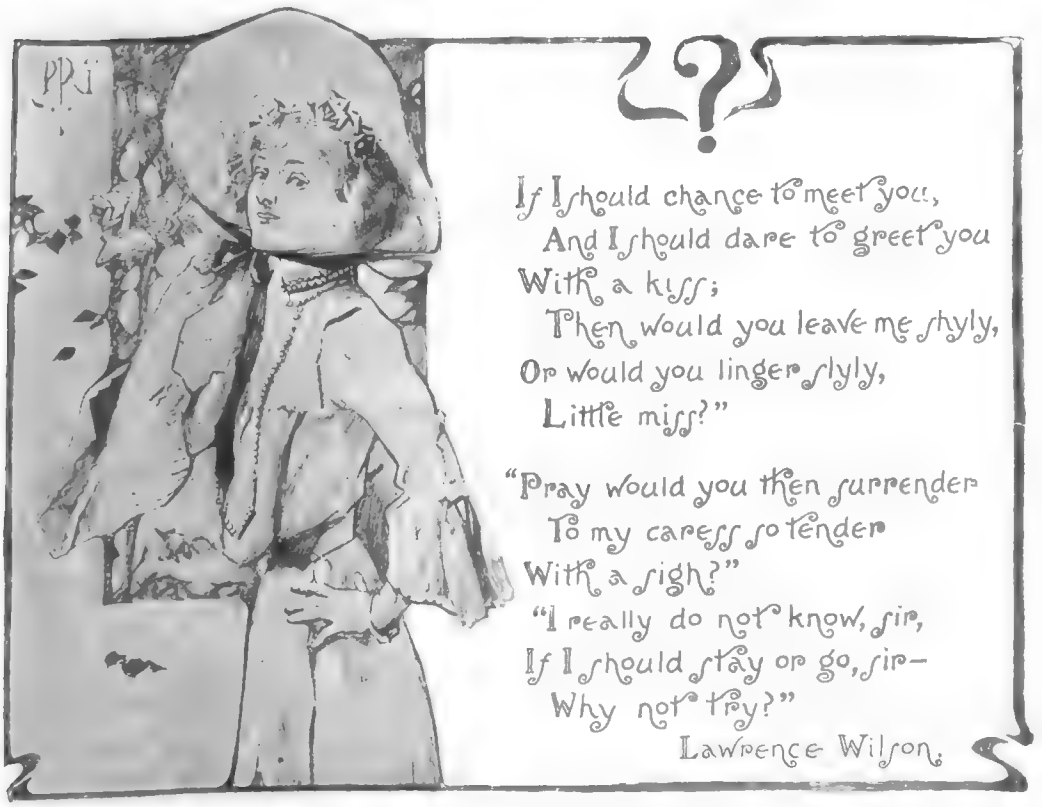
FOOTMAN (*announcing with a broad smile*). Miss Babs Etherington.

(*Whereupon a dainty little girl of about ten, wearing a bright red cloak, enters with great dignity. Danvers turns towards her with outstretched arms. She runs to him with a little cry of delight. He then sits in the armchair and takes her upon his knee.*)

DANVERS (*gently stroking her hair*). My little sweetheart, I have some news for you. Charlotte told you that one day I might marry your mother, and then I should be your papa, eh? (*Babs nods wonderingly.*) Well, Babs, between you and me—*Charlotte was right!*

BABS (*softly*). Dearest papa! (*She nestles her head against his shoulder. The telephone bell rings unheeded.*)

CURTAIN.


If I should chance to meet you,
And I should dare to greet you
With a kiss;
Then would you leave me shyly,
Or would you linger slyly,
Little miss?"
"Pray would you then surrender
To my caress so tender
With a sigh?"
"I really do not know, sir,
If I should stay or go, sir—
Why not try?"
Lawrence Wilson.

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Our New Girl.

By H. J. Holmes.

Photos posed specially for the "Royal Magazine" by Miss Rachel Lowe, of the "Collin's Trio."

I.

The cabby dropped her at our gate,
She said to him "*Bong swor!*"
Then bore her luggage in her hands
And thundered at the door.
She entered, with a grin, and flung
Her boxes on the floor.

II.

Next morn she got up late. She sighed—
She wasn't very strong,
Her doctor said she must take care
Or she would not live long!
She thought she wanted exercise—
And started at ping-pong.

III.

She had a passion for the stage,
For hours she would rehearse
(A towel tied about her brow)
In Cockneyfied blank verse,
All in the silence of the night—
Could anything be worse?

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IV.

Good music she adored, of course—
And, to our great dismay,
She to the kitchen brought a band
Once every week to play!
Whilst she conducted with a mop
In Sousa's striking way.

V.

We hinted that we thought the band
A little bit *de trop*—
Next week her party tripped upon
The light fantastic toe!
She taught them all the latest steps
The others didn't know!

VI.

Our home (once quite a Paradise)
Was now a—well, you know!
We told her we regretted much
But she would have to go—
And she rep'ied, "O, thank you, mum,
This place is rather slow."

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Notes on Noses.

How the Nose—though Neglected by Poets and Story-writers—will Give you a Reliable Insight into the Character.

By George Western.

'Short story writers delight in the eyes of their heroines, and as for poets, why, they can't keep off the subject. We read, too, about dimpled chins, bewitching and laughing mouths and cheeks, pink and fresh as the summer rose, to say nothing of lovely long eye-lashes and dainty curls lying carelessly on a smooth forehead.

But we never hear the poet rave over his lady's nose. I don't see why he should thus banish such a prominent object from his "Fantaisies" (cloth gilt, 6*s.* net). It is possible that there are not so many rhymes to nose as there are to eyes and cheeks. At present I can't think of anything to rhyme with cheeks myself, except leeks, breeks, freaks, and beaks, and these are not very poetical words. But whatever be the reason the nose has had but a small innings in literary efforts from time immemorial.

In reality the nose is the most important feature of all, having the power to make or mar the face according to its size and shape. For a large awkward nose will turn an otherwise pretty face into an indifferent one, while a small nose may be the making of a not very striking face, especially if it be of classical architecture. In the making of beauty the eyes, the mouth, and the chin must perforce give place to the nose.

A learned philosopher was once heard to say to his disciple: "My son, the nose of a man is an open book for all to read." This is very true, though some people will swear by the eyes, and the chin, or mouth to tell the character. It is the nose, and the nose alone, that will take you into a man's secret soul. Study the nose and you will see the man.

The Grecian nose is straight and clean cut, showing steadfastness of purpose, great powers of resisting evil, and a high-souled character. This nose has its opposite in the snub—the honest, work-a-day snub—not the aggressive snub, the snub of the social reformer, with his rasping voice and red handkerchief. The snub-nosed man is not imaginative, neither is he a dreamer, but a sound practical man and a man of good common sense.

Now, you must on no account forget that a snub nose is the property of man pure and simple, and it is a terrible sin to apply it to a lady. She will be most offended. A lady's nose, if it permits itself a little license towards the end, is called *retroussé*, and, where the snub in a man is hardly a thing of beauty, the *retroussé* in a lady is all that is fascinating and all that is charming. It is also essentially feminine, too, and suggests the lady's mind in that it seems at a loss to know what to do with itself. So the next time you meet a lady with a pretty *nez retroussé*, you may be sure that she is a very charming person, more charming, in fact, than most of her sex.

"To be led by the nose is a common

Every pretty girl has a nose like one of these three in general shape and setting—Greek or one of the forms of *retroussé*. Each of the three suits one particular kind of face, and would be out of place on another.

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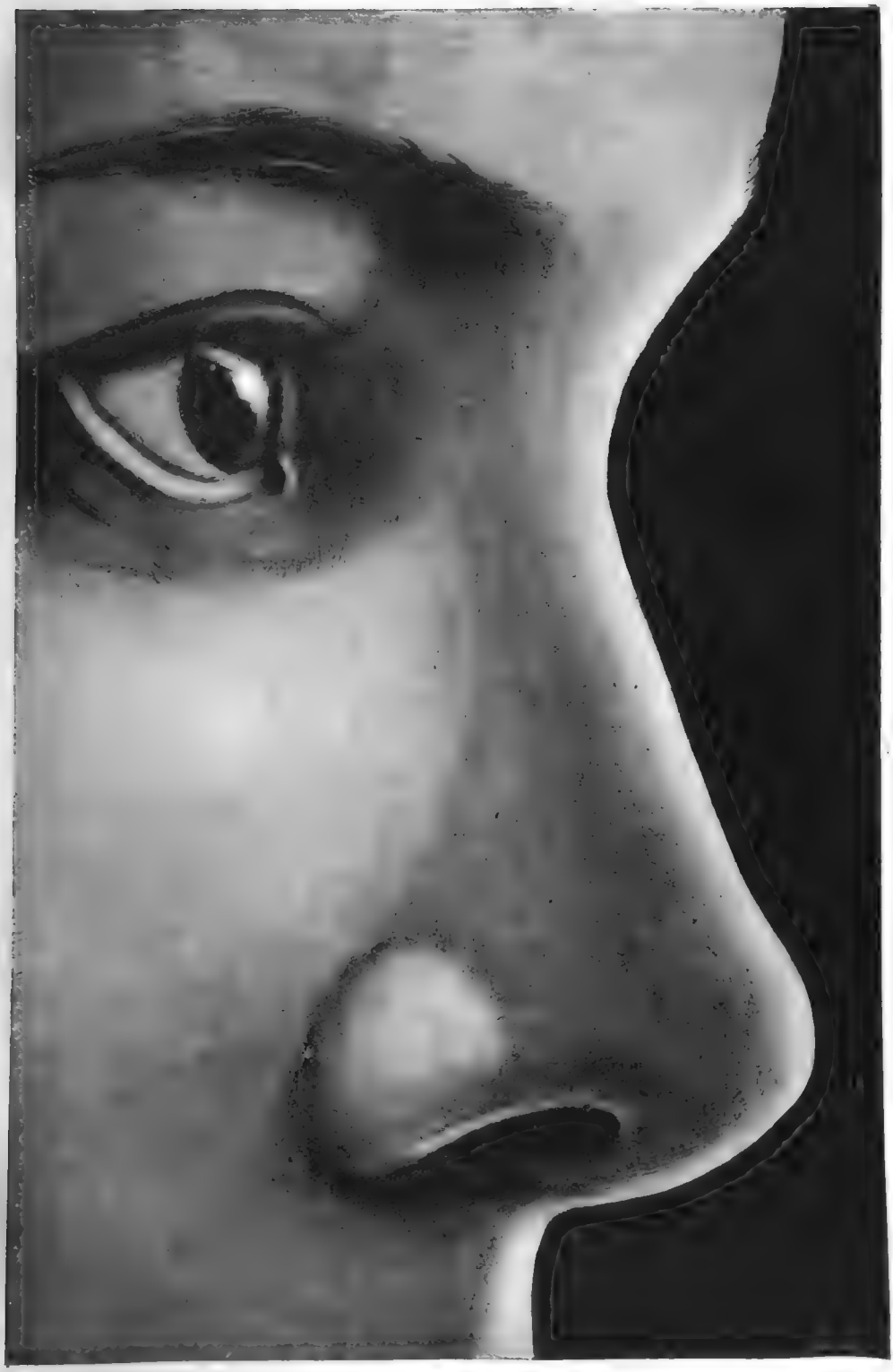

This is the perfect form of nose for the gentler sex—not too assertive, but clean-cut and with a bold outline.

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The ambitious nose. This characteristic is shown by the breadth of the nose in the centre.

The dreamer's nose — sensitive and delicate in form.

The artistic nose — Grecian and rather prominent.

The penetrative nose: its characteristic is the breadth of the nostrils.

The unaffected nose — slightly *retroussé* or "snub," as it is more commonly called.

expression. When I consider how a beautiful nose indicates a strong character, I feel inclined to parody the vulgar saying, and affirm that men and women are led by other people's noses."

So speaks that versatile writer, Max O'Rell. He continues that a beautiful nose will never be found on an ugly face. An ugly face may be endowed with good eyes, but a fine nose—oh, dear no! Your nose, to be quite perfect, must be equal to the length of the forehead. He states some very exact measurements anent the length, breadth, and shape of the ideal nose, the art of which he describes as Nosology. With this ideal nose, as Max O'Rell describes it, you will have the world at your feet, and all men will follow you, or rather your nose.

"You will lead men easily," the same writer goes on to say, "almost unconsciously, and they will enjoy your rule, unless your nose is strongly arched near the forehead, in which case you will be assertive and combative. Such noses are capable of command, can rule, act, overcome, and destroy, but cannot inspire love. With the perfect nose, you will be obeyed, feared, respected, and loved."

Had the Romans been the possessors of small noses it is just possible that they would never have extended their empire further than the seven hills that guarded the city. But the racial nose was large and heavy, hence we find their domains to have been considerable. Perhaps their fall was caused by the grafting of new races with smaller noses into their system! With the Romans one may contrast the Esquimos, whose noses are a mere blob in the middle of their faces, and who are of no account in the world. When this people rise to the dignity of a big nasal organ we may see Greenland, Scandinavia, and Northern Europe confederated under the "King of all the Esquimos!"

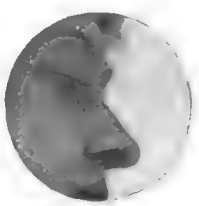
Napoleon the First had a fine proboscis, and used to say: "Give me a man with a good nose." He found one to his satisfaction in the Duke of Wellington. Besides the Iron Duke, Oliver Cromwell, Gladstone, Julius Cæsar, to say nothing of Ovid, who was called "Naso" by his friends, all had fine noses.

The Emperor Rudolf of Austria once had occasion to thank his lucky stars for the size of his nose. Some of his knights with whom he had had high words conspired to kill him. A peasant soldier heard them saying how on the morrow they would "cut old Big Nose to pieces," and innocently told the Emperor. We need hardly say that the conspirators were unable to put in an appearance on the morrow.

Frederick the Great, whose huge nasal organ should have made him more considerate for the nasal organs of others, used to cut off offenders'

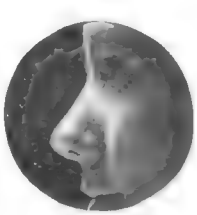
The sceptical nose—a little turned up, giving a suspicious look to the face.

The dogged nose—broad and rather rounded at the bridge.



The petulant nose — of good outline but rather large.

The real *retroussé* nose—perhaps the ideal nose, altogether charming.



The flirting nose—*retroussé* like the last.

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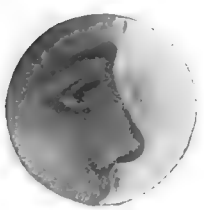
The self-sufficient nose—its outline is bold and almost straight.

The confiding nose—rather too small.

The scornful nose—always gives an unpleasant expression to the face.



The passive nose—very weak and very *retroussé*.

The social nose—has rather prominent nostrils, and is boldly chiselled.

noses freely, and Charles the Second similarly punished Lord Coventry for poking his nose into other people's business. Amongst the ancient Egyptians this mode of punishment was not unusual.

If we are to rely on the accuracy of the portraits of that race that once ruled Egypt from the Sphynxes, we cannot doubt that the forbears of the Fellaheen were truly great. For the Egyptian nose is as fine as the Roman or Grecian. It is straight as a die, and beautifully moulded at the end. It shows power and artistic temperament combined. It is not the nose of a dreamer, but one of a man with an object in life—and a good object at that.

Said Pascal: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been longer, the whole face of the world might have been changed." By this seemingly enigmatical remark, we assume that the author meant that the great Roman Mark Antony fell in love with Cleopatra's nose, and not with the rest of her face, as is generally imagined. It is certain that, as the poet says:—

> Pride had marred her beauty had she known
> That a whole world was *balanced on her nose*.

Do you grumble because your nose is a bad shape? Do not despair, but have it altered at once, for you can get it put right by paying a visit—and incidentally a fee—to a "beauty factory," where the skilled surgeons will take out the ugly part of your nose and put in a new one, of whatever design you may happen to want at the time.

If your nose is too big, the process of putting it right is roughly as follows: You are put under an anæsthetic, a slit is made in the skin on the top of your nose, and by means of a small electric saw the necessary amount is erased from your nose. The skin is folded back, and sewn together in the ordinary way. Then the operation is completed, as far as the beautifying of the nose is concerned. As soon as the wound is healed up, the scar can be perfectly obliterated by an electric process. A simple treatment, you will say, and one that can do you no harm whatever.

If your nose be too small, an operation is performed in the same comfortable way, and some ligaments and bone and flesh will be inserted, so that your despised snub will become so beautiful that you can run round to the nearest photographer's establishment, and be photographed in profile—to inundate your friends with the results.

The best sort of nose to have is one with just the least little bit of a curve in it. This slight elevation takes off the sternness and unrelenting virtue of the nose of pure classic type. I don't mean to say that you will be a desperate rake. Not at all. I only mean that you will be lively

The argumentative nose—*retroussé*, but very firm in expression.

The merciful nose—gives the face a very mild expression.

The Roman nose—prominent and rather narrow.

The laughing nose. It seems to smile even when eyes and mouth are covered up.

The good-natured nose—rather weak in its outline.

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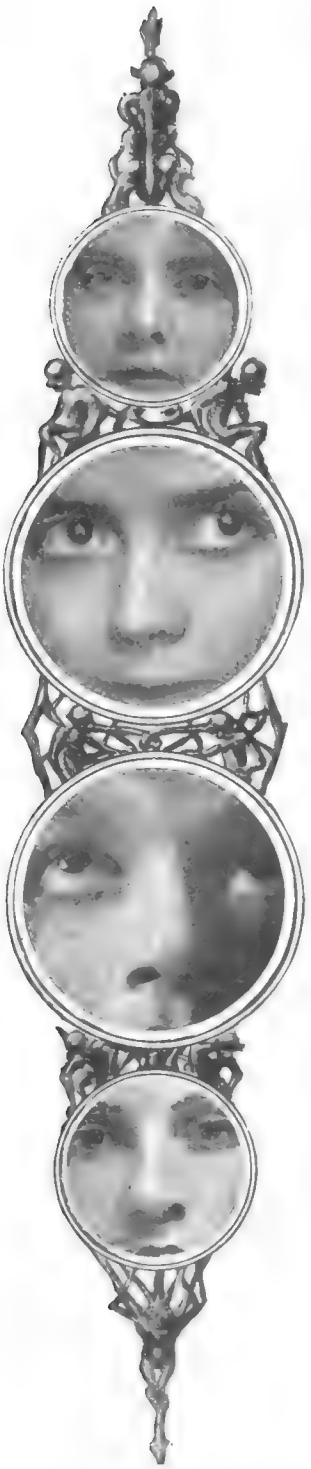

and bright. You will have a ready wit and an imaginative mind.

You may have a snub, but on no account let your nose turn up much at the end, for this denotes a love of luxury and selfishness. The heartless flirt always has the tip of her nose pointed upwards. A broad nose means kindliness and generosity, while the narrow and pinched one is the nose of the miser and the man who always sees the wrong side of life.

Yes, the slightly turned-up nose is quite the best. People will like you without being afraid of you, as they would if your nose inclined towards Rome. Again, all your friends are on their best behaviour when your classic Greek organ appears on the scene, and you are certain to be held in awe. A snub nose is an incentive to much familiarity from your friend, and is thus undesirable.

The mouth is the acknowledged guide to character—at least, it is popularly believed to be so—but in reality that organ tells us only of the passing whims and the changing fancies of its owner. It is not an everlasting review of his or her temperament.

The eyes, too, are false teachers. Now brightened up in a glad smile, now sad and tearful, or again grave and thoughtful—they are changeful and capricious as the April sun, and it is thus quite impossible to judge character through their agency.

But the nose is like the proverbial laws of the Medes and the Persians, which, so 'tis said, alter not. It is an unchanging magic mirror, in which all and sundry are portrayed in their true colours, whether they like it or no.

Wherefore study the faces of all around you, and if any of your friends do not answer to the descriptions given by their noses, you may be sure that they are the proverbial exceptions that prove the rule.

Curiously enough, there is a distinct and noticeable difference between English and American noses. Those on the left are American, those on the right are English. Need we say which we think are the most attractive?

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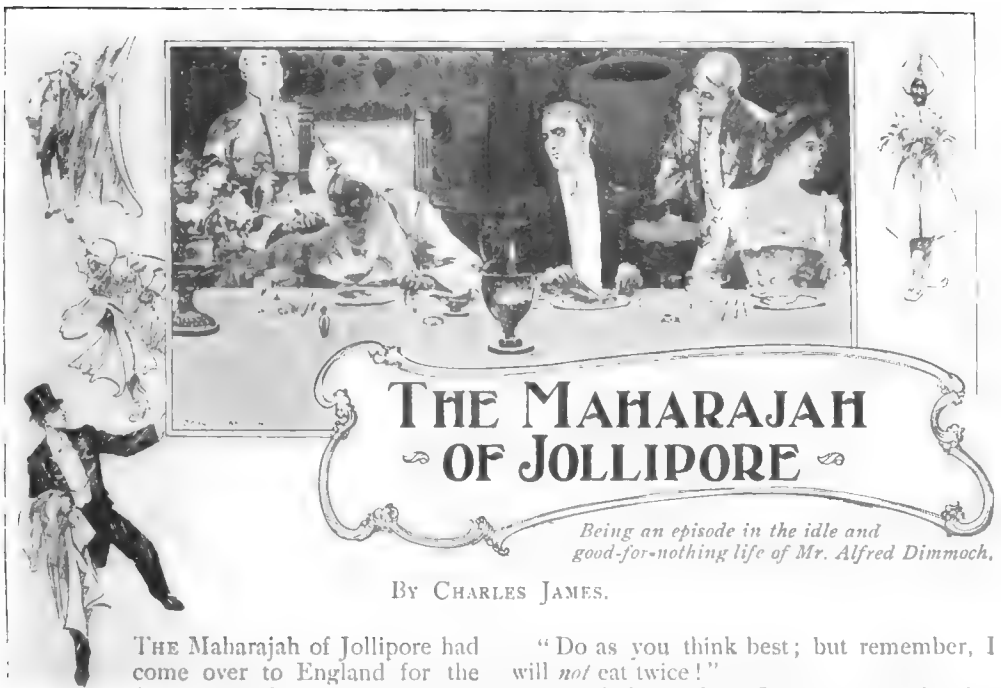

THE MAHARAJAH OF JOLLIPORE

Being an episode in the idle and good-for-nothing life of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

BY CHARLES JAMES.

THE Maharajah of Jollipore had come over to England for the Coronation festivities. He was the first of the notable Indian arrivals, and fell a victim to many of the Society hostesses anxious to catch "lions."

Entertainments of the most varied description followed each other in a bewildering whirl, before the sad news came which fell upon us like a pall, and effectually stifled the gaiety of nations.

So bombarded with invitations was the Maharajah that, in despair, he engaged a secretary, the Hon. Cecil Hawley, whose sole duty it was to regulate these social engagements.

The Maharajah was eminently desirous of making himself popular whilst in England, and he almost bored himself to death night after night in the houses of people in whom he took no interest whatever.

But even he "kicked" when his secretary informed him one morning that by some inadvertence he had, on the Maharajah's behalf, accepted invitations to two dinners on the same night.

"You do not expect me to eat twice for once?" began his master, in mild remonstrance.

"No, sir, certainly not," replied the much-harassed secretary; "but if you would consent, say, to dine at the Marchioness's, and then go on to Mrs. Van Snoosevelt's——?"

The Maharajah sighed. Then he gently ambled out of the room, saying:

"Do as you think best; but remember, I will *not* eat twice!"

"Don't know how I came to make this mistake," murmured Mr. Hawley, picking up a pen. "And if—— Come in!" he said, raising his voice, as a tap sounded on the door. "Ah, Dimmock, how are you?"

A young man, with a preternaturally solemn expression, entered the room, and deposited himself in an easy chair.

"What's the matter? You look worried," said the new comer.

"Oh, everything's the matter. Here have I accepted two dinner invitations for the same night, and the Maharajah says he'll see me——"

"Thought these chaps didn't swear," interrupted the visitor smiling.

"Well, I mean he can't be in two places at once. And it's really important he should go, both to the Marchioness of Greatshire's, and also to Mrs. Van Snoosevelt's. She's the newest American millionairess, you know."

And then Mr. Alfred Dimmock, who seemed to have been sent on earth for the express purpose of getting himself into trouble for the pleasure of getting out of it again, thought he saw his chance.

"Leave Mrs. Van Snoosevelt to me, old chap," he began soothingly. "You do not know her personally?"

"No. So if you *do*, you might call and explain——"

"That the Maharajah can't be in two places at once, eh? Well, I don't know her,

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but I'll manage the thing for you all right. What's the address?"

The secretary tossed him over the invitation card, with a somewhat hopeless look in his face.

"Say that it's no fault of mine. I only discovered that this was the date of the Marchioness's dinner about an hour ago. But if you wouldn't mind going and giving a personal explanation—— I'd go myself, but we're to lunch with the City Fathers, and then drive to Hurlingham to see the big polo match, so I've not a minute to spare. I might write, but that's not so satisfactory, is it?"

"Leave it all to me, my boy," said Mr. Alfred Dimmock; "I'll tell the old girl——"

"Old! Why, she's not thirty, and a Boston beauty!"

"So much the better. Well, as you're busy, I'll clear out now. Ta, ta."

"Good-bye, old boy, good-bye," cried the secretary, and once more he was alone.

On emerging into the street, Mr. Alfred Dimmock lit a cigarette and remained a few minutes immersed in thought. Then his brow cleared, he hailed a hansom, and jumped in.

First, he stopped at Elnathan's, the well-known costumiers, and then drove on to Clarkson's, the theatrical wig-makers. After this he made his way back to his bachelor chambers in the Albany, where he rang for his servant, East.

East, a man of about thirty-five, had been steward on a P. and O., an officer's servant in Burmah, and assistant *chef* of a West-end hotel, before entering his present service, and as he had always kept his eyes remarkably wide open during his somewhat piebald career, it may safely be said that what Mr. Septimus East did not know was not worth knowing.

Punctually at eight o'clock the great folding-doors of Mrs. Van Snoosevelt's drawing-room in Marble Arch Terrace were thrown back, and a gorgeous footman stood aside to let a still more gorgeously-clad figure enter the room, after announcing in full, firm tones:

"The Mararger of Jolly-Poor, and Mr. Cecil 'Awley!"

The hostess, one blaze of diamonds, gave a little rush forward (very well rehearsed beforehand) to welcome her distinguished guest. The latter looked a fine, commanding figure, male Oriental magnificence quite outdoing even the jewels of a Western millionairess. His turban alone contained a jewel which was apparently without price—as, in fact, it was in the eyes of any competent expert in precious stones!

The Maharajah made a stately salaam; in fact, rather overdoing the thing, in his secretary's estimation, if we may judge by the fact that that gentleman (who was no other than Mr. Alfred Dimmock) brought his elbow into sharp contact with the great potentate's ribs. The latter's figure was thereupon restored to the perpendicular, and he remained silent as his hostess chattered serenely on.

"You know, I presume, Mrs. Van Snoosevelt, that the Maharajah does not speak English? But I suppose that you understand something of Hindustani?" said Mr. Alfred Dimmock, smilingly.

Poor Mrs. Van Snoosevelt was, as sailors say "taken flat aback." Had she been able to reply in the affirmative to Mr. Dimmock's question perhaps the bland "secretary" might have experienced that unpleasant sensation himself.

"I—I understand Hindustani, do you say? I—er—well—no, I guess not. Sakes alive, Mr. Hawley! Hindustani! Well, I should smile. No, plain 'Merican's good enough for me. So you're here to interpret, an' so forth? Well, that's good, I reckon, and we shall get on right away. Tell him, will you, that I'm just too pleased to see him here to-night, an' that my husband, Cornelius G. van Snoosevelt, will be equally glad to make his 'quaintance."

The "secretary" bowed politely, and, turning to the magnificently-clad, dark-skinned figure at his side, said—

"*Kolal khan shere ali sangar Bakshan ram bunniah afridi Jemadar.*"

And by way of reply, the great potentate smiled benignly upon his hostess. The latter showed a dazzling set of white teeth—with their liberal setting of gold—in return, and then trotted out Cornelius G.—a little sandy-haired nonentity—to be introduced. Then, upon the announcement of dinner, the Maharajah graciously offered his arm to Mrs. Van Snoosevelt, the rest sorted themselves out into Noah's ark pairs, and they all trooped down to the splendid dining-room below.

At his own special request, Mr. Dimmock was placed next to his august master, in order to translate. The banquet was a magnificent one, and fully equal to such a great occasion; and the guests, about thirty in number, as soon as they had had their fill of gazing at the Maharajah, prepared to do the dinner ample justice.

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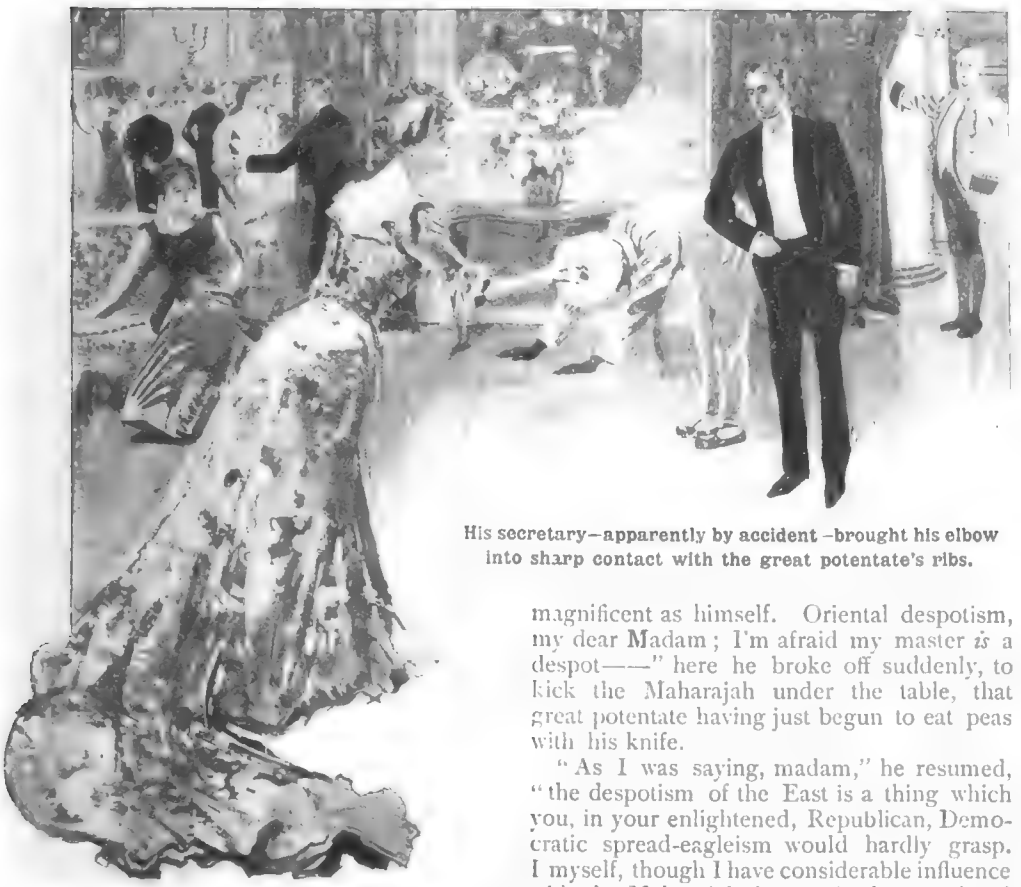

His secretary—apparently by accident—brought his elbow into sharp contact with the great potentate's ribs.

The major portion of the hostess's conversation was devoted to the guest of the evening—of course, through Mr. Alfred Dimmock—and, fortunately for that mercurial gentleman's plans, she proved such a capital talker that no answer seemed, at least for a time, to be required But, after the first twenty minutes, she began to ask questions, and then it was that Mr. Dimmock occasionally found himself in a tight place.

"Now, what sort of section is Jollipore, Mr. Hawley? Pretty country, or not? Anything like 'Merrica, f'r instance?"

"Exactly like America, my dear Mrs. Van Snoosevelt. In fact, the resemblance between the Central Park of New York and the back garden of the Maharajah's palace is positively striking."

"Sakes, now! You don't say so! Why, it must be a real elegant spot. And do all the nobles wear jewels as big as the Maharajah's here?"

"No, oh no! You see, the Maharajah does not permit any of his subjects to be as magnificent as himself. Oriental despotism, my dear Madam; I'm afraid my master *is* a despot——" here he broke off suddenly, to kick the Maharajah under the table, that great potentate having just begun to eat peas with his knife.

"As I was saying, madam," he resumed, "the despotism of the East is a thing which you, in your enlightened, Republican, Democratic spread-eagleism would hardly grasp. I myself, though I have considerable influence with the Maharajah, have twice been ordered out for instant execution. Whilst since he has been in London four waiters and a policeman have fallen victims to his passing fury and unerring aim. After all, it doesn't very much matter; you see, there are plenty of waiters—mostly 'made in Germany'—and, as to policemen—well, you are doubtless aware that thousands of reserve men have been called up for Coronation duty at a most liberal rate of pay—£10 a month, I am told. So the supply is not at all likely to be seriously diminished, even if my master should make a prolonged stay in England."

He smiled blandly as he sipped his champagne, but poor Mrs. Van Snoosevelt turned a shade paler beneath the rouge on her cheeks, and stole a furtive glance at the dark-skinned guest, who was "doing himself" so well, only two paces from her.

"Yes," went on Mr. Dimmock reflectively, "I contrive to manage him pretty well, although I must frankly say he has well earned his *sobriquet*, the 'Tiger of Jollipore.' However, his temper is quite evanescent—no

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sulking, that's the best of him. He just goes out and kills a man or two when he is annoyed, and then immediately becomes calm again. Hasty, I grant you, hasty; but nothing more."

"I—I hope that His Highness is—is quite quiet to-night?" said the lady in a timid, appealing voice.

"Oh, perfectly, I assure you, my dear madam," returned the "secretary" in low, confidential tones. Then, turning to the Maharajah, he said: "*Ghosh! What-funny-things-this-Yankee-says Ranjitsinhji Sindhia golliwog and Gwalior Mahratta Krishna rajpoot ghee and currie.*"

And the Maharajah, after a slight choking fit caused by suppressed laughter, replied in equally unintelligible gibberish.

Mr. Dimmock affected to listen attentively to this, nodding or shaking his head to each sentence. Then he smilingly turned to Mrs. Van Snoosevelt and said:

"His Highness is most grateful for the hospitable manner in which you have treated him to-night, and he wishes me to say that this has been the finest *Tuckee*, or *Blowout*, as it is sometimes called in the figurative language of the East, which he has ever seen in England. And he wishes, in return, to confer upon you the title of *By-gum* or *Maharanee*, forthwith."

Mrs. Van Snoosevelt crimsoned with pleasure—and then again with altogether another emotion.

"Say, Mr. Secretary," she half whispered. "Doesn't being a Maharanee involve marrying a nig—a Maharajah?"

Mr. Dimmock was quite equal to the occasion. He dipped his fingers lightly into the silver bowl of rose-water before him, and answered:

"That, no doubt, is an incident. But really, in India we think so little of these——"

"Gracious goodness! but where would Cornelius G. come in?" cried the lady.

"He would not come in. On the contrary, if he interfered, he would go out," said Mr. Dimmock grimly.

Mrs. Van Snoosevelt, who was beginning to think that perhaps one might pay a trifle too dearly for the honour of entertaining Indian potentates, then gave the signal to the ladies, and they all filed out, leaving the men, both "plain and coloured," in possession of the wine and the cigars.

The Maharajah turned to his "secretary" and murmured:

"*Rum chunder bahadur baboojee. Let's-get-out-of-this-sir-as-soon-as-we-can. Rajpoot Benares alum-bagh Secunderabad.*"

But Mr. Dimmock had no present intention of sounding the retreat. In fact, it was his prevailing fault in all these outrageous jokes to "run the thing right into the ground." And just at that moment he did not even scent danger. So he calmly replied:

"*Mozul sher afzal kismet Yakoub. Don't-talk silly-rot-the-fun's-not-half-over-yet. Ram jam cukri Abdur Rahman khan.*"

And the Maharajah subsided again into silence and cigarettes, although he could not refrain from looking up uneasily every time the door was opened.

Cornelius G., who had been somewhat silent during the meal, here struck in, and began to ask questions of his distinguished guest—somewhat to that haughty Asiatic's discomfiture. He kept bowing, and tacitly assenting to everything, but was fairly staggered when the host jerkily announced:

"I'm sure, Mr. Hawley, the Maharajah's been having quite a dull time of it, not understanding our language. But I'm d'lighted to think that I asked Professor Von Splitzenlager, the cel'brated Oriental scholar, to come in this evening. He'd have been around to dinner, but had another engagement. I reckon the Maharajah 'll be able to converse freely when he arrives."

Hardly had Cornelius G. thus unwittingly exploded a bomb in the conspirator's camp than the Professor was announced, and, entering the room, rushed up to his host with hand outstretched, a beauteous vision of long hair, pale, perspiring face and enormous spectacles.

"Ach, mein frendt, it is a peety that I vas to come unaple, to your dinner. But here I am now, I bray you present me to your distinkwished guest."

The whole company had risen and were standing about in groups. Mr. Dimmock, with his usual acuteness, both recognised the "tight place" and made immediate preparations to meet the exigencies of the situation.

He elbowed his way gently through the throng and laid his hand impressively on the Professor's arm. That learned man at once inclined his ear.

"My dear Professor, it gives me the greatest pleasure to meet you," began the "secretary." "Your name in Jollipore—in fact, all over India—is one to conjure with. We look on you as the most distinguished scholar living. Not to know Professor Von Splitzenlager's works is to argue oneself unknown."

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The Professor bowed delightedly. He had hardly thought himself so widely celebrated as this.

"But my dear, my very dear Professor," continued Mr. Dimmock impressively, "you may have heard—I am *sure* you have heard, you who know India so intimately—of the Maharajah's tetchiness on the subject of the English language. You do? Ah, I thought so. He considers that he understands every word—at all events, he pretends he does—and, as you know, he gets furious, positively furious, if anybody in England dares to address him in Hindustani. So you won't, my dear Professor, forget this, will you? Only speak English to him. Come with me, and I will introduce you.

"Maharajah, this is the greatest of all *savants*, the Professor von Splitzenlager. I am sure you will be glad to see with your own eyes one who bears so illustrious and unpronounceable a name."

Mr. Dimmock never released his hold of

"The Maharajah," he began, "is greatly impressed with the appearance of the young lady who sat opposite him at dinner."

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the Professor's arm, and, just as the latter was about to address "His Highness," the "secretary" deftly jerked him forward and led him away to the other side of the room. For the moment, the situation was saved; and just then Cornelius G. suggested that they should join the ladies upstairs for a little music.

Arrived in the drawing-room, Mr. Alfred Dimmock edged his way over to where the hostess, all teeth and smiles, was standing, and again prepared to "spread himself."

"The Maharajah," he began, "is greatly impressed with the appearance of the young lady who sat opposite to him at dinner. In fact, he has just commissioned me to make an offer for her."

Mrs. Van Snoosevelt smiled, but with a somewhat perplexed expression.

"Why, yes, certinly; it's my niece, Constantia Q. Wilson, he means. But an offer? Isn't the Maharajah a marr'd man, then?"

"Not so much married as most of them—only fourteen wives at present, and that, for one of his exalted birth and position, is, you will admit, quite a small allowance—almost nigger-niggardly, I should say."

Mrs. Van Snoosevelt looked hard at the speaker, but the solemn, clean-cut features were perfectly immobile, and the grave eyes gave her back look for look, without the slightest suspicion of humour in them. The lady did not know what to say next. She had never felt so perplexed in her life.

Just at that moment a diversion was created at the other end of the long drawing-room. There was a slight movement near the door, but above the general hum of conversation the pompous footman's voice was heard with most unwelcome clearness announcing:

"The Maharajah of Jollipore!"

Mrs. Van Snoozevelt's puzzled eyes again sought those of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

"Jollipore, Jollipore!" she repeated in mystified tones; "but, surely, this one is the—that is, I mean that—why, this one is Jollipore——"

"Jolly poor imitation of the real thing, I should say, my dear madam," replied Mr. Dimmock imperturbably. "The fact is, this fresh arrival is a half-brother of the Maharajah's—they don't speak—haven't even seen each other for years. I must just talk to His Highness and get him away quietly. I'm sure I may count upon you to help me in doing this, dear Mrs. Van Snoosevelt. The Maharajah is, I know, armed, and we don't want any bloodshed——"

Mrs. Van Snoosevelt with difficulty suppressed a slight scream. "And besides," added Dimmock calmly, "it would spoil your drawing-room carpet."

"Oh, pray take him away at once, dear Mr. Hawley. There, there, through that door, quickly! It leads into my boudoir, and through that on to the staircase! Good-night, and—oh, pray don't delay. Go, go at once!"

Without any outward appearance of haste, Mr. Alfred Dimmock quietly walked over to the Maharajah, and taking his arm led him through the door indicated.

It was none too soon, for between the heat of the room and the effects of what is vulgarly known as a "blue funk" the perspiration was already making small white rivulets down "His Highness's" face. Ten minutes more in that hot room, coupled with the growing danger of discovery, and the fraud would have stood revealed.

Half an hour after quitting the great house in Marble Arch Terrace, Mr. Alfred Dimmock was sitting in an armchair in his own comfortable rooms, sipping a whiskey and soda, and gently drawing at a cigarette. His sphinx-like face looked even more than usually solemn as he mused, like Æneas of old, "upon many things."

But chief amongst his ruminations was a quiet retrospect of that evening's proceedings, together with a brief speculation as to how far a little adroitness on the one hand, and a fine natural taste for lying, on the other, will carry the adventurer on his thorny and dangerous path in the pursuit of a practical joke.

In the February ROYAL another amusing and shameless escapade of Mr. Alfred Dimmock is described. Deliberately and for no reason whatever, he steals a gentleman's yacht, and goes through many extraordinary adventures.

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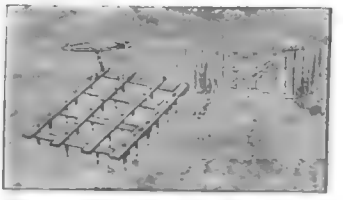
9th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

When the Competition Closes.

The final set of pictures will be published in the April *Royal*. The last day for receiving sets of pictures will be about six weeks after the final set has appeared.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

☛ Read the last two lines on this page.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

☛ **Another set of pictures will appear in the February number of the *Royal*.** ☚

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters *made up of the names (or their phonetic equivalents) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide (*any 1902 edition*), which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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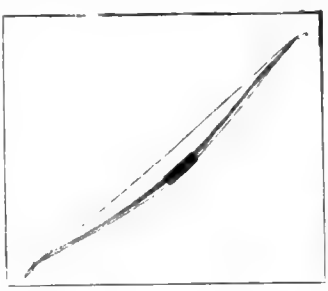

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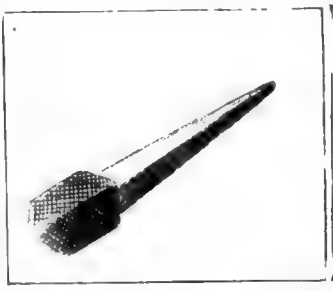

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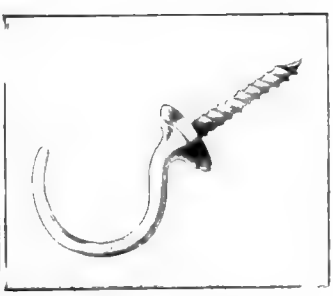

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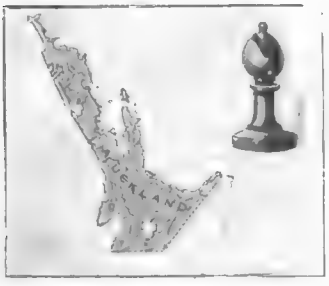

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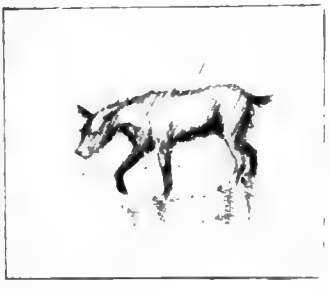

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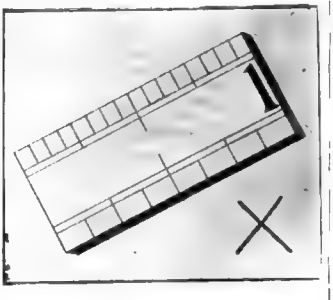

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Name..... *Address*.....

Keep all your pages of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

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THE MAN AND THE HORSE

A Story of the Far West.

By Frank Neilson.

He sat under the largest tree in sight. He was hatless and dusty. A horse that had seen better days, and many of them, stood near him, panting painfully with drooping head. Southward the prairie rolled away to the horizon. Northward the mountains climbed to the clouds.

The cry of a distant coyote smote the silence. The shadow of a circling buzzard swept about the tree.

The man glanced upward at the substance of the shadow, shrugged his shoulders and said: "You are early, my friends. The feast is not yet prepared."

Then he fixed his gaze steadily upon the distant mountains.

Down the pass that cleft them asunder six dark objects appeared in rapid, undulatory motion. The man under the tree dropped his head upon his breast and closed his eyes.

When he looked up again six horsemen were approaching at a long gallop.

They were dusty and rough looking. One of them carried a rope at his saddle bow.

They slackened their pace and advanced cautiously. The man under the tree hailed them from where he sat.

"Looking for someone, gentlemen?"

"We was," replied the man with the rope. "We ain't now."

The man under the tree stood up. He was tall, straight, and handsome.

"Make it short," he said. "With a good horse instead of that plug I might have been over the line. But last night was a dark one, and I was in a hurry."

"You surely was, stranger," said the man with the rope, as he dropped the noose over the head of the hatless one. "'Nother case of 'haste makes waste.' Best hoss in th' camp was in th' next stall."

The six drew a short distance away and consulted in low tones. Then the man who had carried the rope called out: "Stranger, you admit takin' the hoss, don't you?"

The hatless one smiled and nodded.

"There ain't no use of a trial," urged the man who had carried the rope to the other five. "I'm a law abidin' citizen, but when a man pleads guilty there ain't no use a-wastin' time a-tryin' him.

"Stranger, the jedgment of this court therefore is that you air guilty of hoss stealin', the particular hoss bein' Dick Arp's old black Bill there. The sentence of the court is tha:

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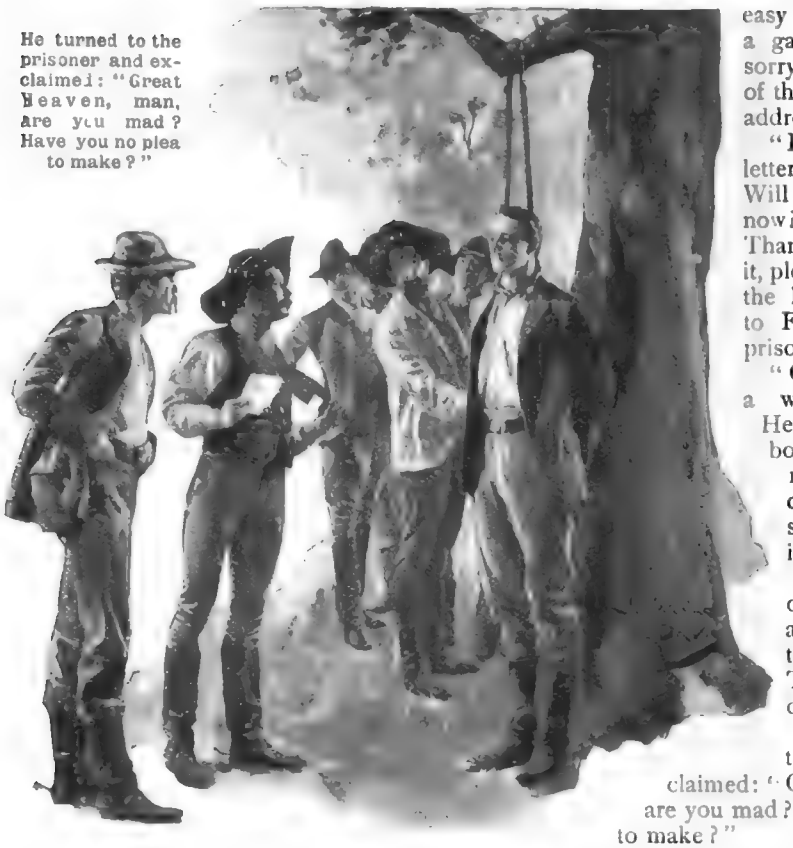

He turned to the prisoner and exclaimed: "Great Heaven, man, Are you mad? Have you no plea to make?"

you be hung by the neck from this here tree until dead, an' may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say before we purceed?"

"I think not, gentlemen," said the hatless one thoughtfully, "except to call your attention to my courtesy in halting under the only available tree in the neighbourhood."

"It *was* obligin' in you, stranger, it was so. You've saved us considerable time, and we're in right smart of a rush to git back to the diggin's. He's a game one all right, boys. Hitch on there now, an' let's git th' job over."

The five seized the loose end of the rope and awaited the signal.

"Sure you ain't got no folks you'd like to send word to, stranger. By the way, what is your name, anyhow?"

"Ananias."

"Fust er last name?"

"Both. And—yes—there are those who are—waiting for me. Perhaps it would be better if they knew."

"Gimme th' address, stranger, an' they'll git th' word. 'N' I'll make it easy for 'em—easy as I kin. I like a game man, 'n' I'm sorry you're at that end of the rope. Gimme th' address."

"I think it is in the letter in my coat pocket. Will you look at it now? The other pocket. Thanks. Just examine it, please." As he spoke, the look of resignation to Fate died from the prisoner's eyes.

"Couldn't read it in a week o' Sundays. Here, Bob, you're a book-sharp. Come 'n' read out th' address of th' gent's folks, so's we kin all ketch it."

The smallest man of the six advanced, and glanced over the sheet hastily. Then he read it carefully.

Next he turned to the prisoner and exclaimed: "Great Heaven, man, are you mad? Have you no plea to make?"

The hatless one smiled sadly.

"What's the use? You would not believe. You intend to murder me—and them. I will not beg, not even for the children."

But the man with the letter was reading it aloud to the five:—

DEAR PAPA,—

You must come home quick Mamma is much worse. The doctor says he might save her if you were here. And the little money you gave us is all gone, and baby and I are hungry. But I can't tell the doctor that. So you must come. I know you will, so I told mamma you were coming, and she is listening for you. Come soon, or she can't hear you. Good-bye, dear papa.

Your loving little girl,

MARY.

The four men had dropped the rope. The man who had brought it had turned away and was looking out over the prairie.

Perhaps he was thinking of his brood, far away in the east waiting for his return, when he should "strike it rich." Perhaps it was the dust that choked him when he spoke.

"Where air they, stranger?"

"Mexico. Just over the line. Had to leave them there until I could send for them.

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That was months ago. I have had—hard luck."

The man who had brought the rope looked inquiringly at the other five. Then there were seven free men under the tree, and the rope coiled on the arm of the man who had brought it.

"Take the hoss, stranger. He's yourn. We've made a mistake. He ain't much good, but he'll take you to th' wife an' children."

But the hatless one shook his head.

"Gentlemen, I'll be frank with you. God knows I am too near the grave to dare to lie. I am not a criminal.

"Two years ago I had a good business, a happy family, and a comfortable home. My partner ruined me. In one awful day I lost everything. Then I was offered a good position as manager of a Mexican plantation. I accepted the offer thankfully, and with my little family had almost reached our destination, where I hoped to recoup my fortunes, when I learned that the company had failed and had made an assignment.

"We were homeless, among strangers. My wife, who had never known an ungratified desire, was sinking under our adversities. I could find no employment. I gave them every dollar I had and left them, in two little rooms, intending to work my way northward into God's country, where I might find steady employment.

"I was a hundred miles north of here when that letter reached me. I was ill, had found no work, and had no money. In desperation I took a horse and rode him until he dropped. You who have wives and children can understand.

"I did not want to steal. But they are after me for taking that horse. I threw them off the trail last night, just before I took this horse from you. But they have struck it again by this time. They are well mounted. I cannot escape unless I catch the midnight train south at the station.

"And even then I have no money. You may as well proceed. If they catch me they will take me back. I prefer this tree. It is nearer home."

When six earnest men are of the same opinion a conclusion is soon reached. The man who had brought the rope announced the result of the hasty consultation.

"Stranger—I can't pronounce your name nohow—you're agoin' home. We ain't no millionaires, but we've dug up enough coin here to see you through, 'n' a little to spare. Jump that roan, quick. Here's your hat. Bob's th' treasurer of this syndicate, 'n' he's goin' with you to bring back the roan.

"You kin catch it if you hustle. That's all right—know what you want to say. We're rough, but we're white. So long. Get a move on you now, er you'll miss th' train."

Twenty-four hours later Bob returned to the little mining town, from the south, leading the roan and bearing a sealed message to the man who had carried the rope:

My Generous But Easy Friends,—

It looked like a bold game, but there was everything to gain and nothing to lose. Hanging is hanging, whether for horse stealing or for murder.

I was really sorry for the children, when I found that letter in his pocket, but I needed his clothes and horse, and he was stubborn. So I killed him and took what I needed. It is very bad form to travel in convict's stripes. Kindly inform the sheriff when he reaches your town that at present my address is Central America.

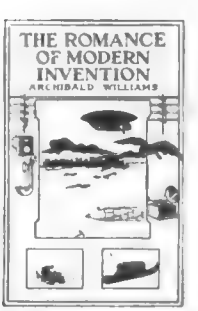
Most thankfully yours,
R. E.

At 5.30 that evening the sheriff of Maricopa County and two deputies in search of Richard Earl, *alias* "Slick Dick," confidence man, escaped convict, and later murderer, galloped into town from the north, and had a very interesting interview with six wrathful and crestfallen citizens.

At 6 o'clock they departed slowly over the same road they had come. None showed a disposition to talk.

At the summit of the pass the sheriff halted his weary horse, turned in his saddle, and gazed down upon the town long and thoughtfully.

Then he said, earnestly, contemptuously, deliberately: "Ananias! Well, I'll—be—durned!"



"THE ROMANCE OF MODERN INVENTION"

is the title of a volume by Archibald Williams, just published by Messrs. Pearson, at Five Shillings. It contains numerous illustrations, and deals in a popular way with all the latest inventions, such as Air-ships, Mono-rails, Liquid Air, Sun Motors, etc., etc.

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At School Under the Sky

A photograph of a window at Llangattock School, on which lines have been drawn by the students showing the variation of the height of the sun at noon throughout the year. (By the courtesy of Mr. D. Lewis.)

How the Young People of To-day are being interested in the Study of Nature by many new and fascinating Ways and Means. This is the first of a striking Series of Articles of universal Interest.

THE STUDY OF THE WORLD AROUND US.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

The girls and boys of to-day are certainly to be envied. In our youth it was considered right and proper that we should be driven along the path of knowledge with a birch or a strap. Our lessons might have been defined as the doing of something we did not want to do; but the tendency of education to-day is to render these lessons really attractive; to make them matters of interest and enjoyment rather than irksome tasks.

Geometry, for instance, is now being taught with a box of weird-shaped bricks, which will build fancy castles, and impress upon a child's mind for ever the difference between a cube and a pyramid.

Geography, again, is made simple and delightful with a little wet sand and a board. The sand is supposed to represent the dry land, and the parts of the board not covered with sand are chalked blue; these represent the sea. The teacher then moulds the sand into gulf and cape, plain, mountain, and river-bed—a pleasantly messy task the children have afterwards to do for themselves.

One master told us that his pupils particularly enjoyed running their fingers through the sand in order to show the course of a river. The child who did it best, making the river seek the valleys, avoid climbing mountains, and so forth, earned the proud distinction of having it christened after his name.

In a dozen such ways lessons are being made attractive; but what is even more important, teachers are beginning to impress upon their young charges the value of Nature-study. Work in a class-room is all very well in its way; but it is equally important to gain, at first hand, a knowledge of Nature herself—the structure of the earth, the stars, the conditions of the weather, the plants, the beasts, the birds, and the insects.

Nature-study began with visits to museums in school hours; to-day it includes outdoor school, long country rambles on which the children go in order to learn how to use their eyes and ears, to think for themselves, and to gain knowledge of the world in which they live.

This is indeed a movement which, in the interest of parents and children, deserves all encouragement. We have, therefore, taken special pains to discover what is being done by schools of all grades and classes to help in the study of what we see around us. From the vast mass of material collected, the brightest ideas and most interesting photographs have been chosen to place before our readers.

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We have decided to consider this fascinating subject in four articles, each dealing with a separate branch of Nature-study. The first article, which appears in this issue, is concerned with the study of the earth, the stars, the conditions of the weather, and so on. Gardening in schools will form the subject of our second article. The next will deal with the study of botany, just when the trees and plants are once more breaking into leaf; and the series will close with what, we suppose, is the most interesting subject of all —the study of beasts and birds and insects.

With each article there will be a special competition which boys and girls of all ages are invited to enter. The prizes offered will either take the form of money or some book or instrument which should prove useful in the study of Nature. Full particulars of the first competition will be found on page 270.

* * * * *

Wherever special classes have been formed for the direct study of Nature, an extraordinary amount of interest has been aroused amongst the pupils. Boys and girls naturally like to be out of doors. Different schools make a speciality of different branches of Nature-study. In one case it may be geology, in another botany, and so on. But in this article we shall only touch upon those points of interest which come under the first of the four headings above mentioned.

Some schools take a great interest in the cause of the seasons. The pupils make careful observations by watching the sun shining through their windows and noting on certain days each month his height in the sky at noon. Permanent records of their observations can be made on the panes of a window facing the noonday sun. A flat wooden rod with a hole made in it about five feet from the upper end is placed upright near the window, with its end resting upon a stud fixed in the floor, and a pupil spying through the hole ascertains the exact position of the sun against the window-pane.

A photograph of the floor of the school at Llangattock. The shadow cast by the window sash at noon was marked by the children on the floor frequently throughout the year. It will be noticed that the shadow fell in each place on two days. (By the courtesy of Mr. D. Lewis.)

Another method of recording observations is to mark the position of the shadow cast upon the floor by the sash of a window that faces the sun at noon. A little reflection will show that each mark, except those which indicate the longest and shortest days, should bear two dates. On the longest day the shadow falls, of course, very near to the window. The mark indicating the shortest day sometimes will fall on the opposite wall, or, if the room be wide enough, on the floor far away from the window.

The weather again—that subject of never-failing interest in this country—

A party from Bedale School, Hampshire, gaining information of the country in order to enable themselves to draw a map. (By the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Badley.)

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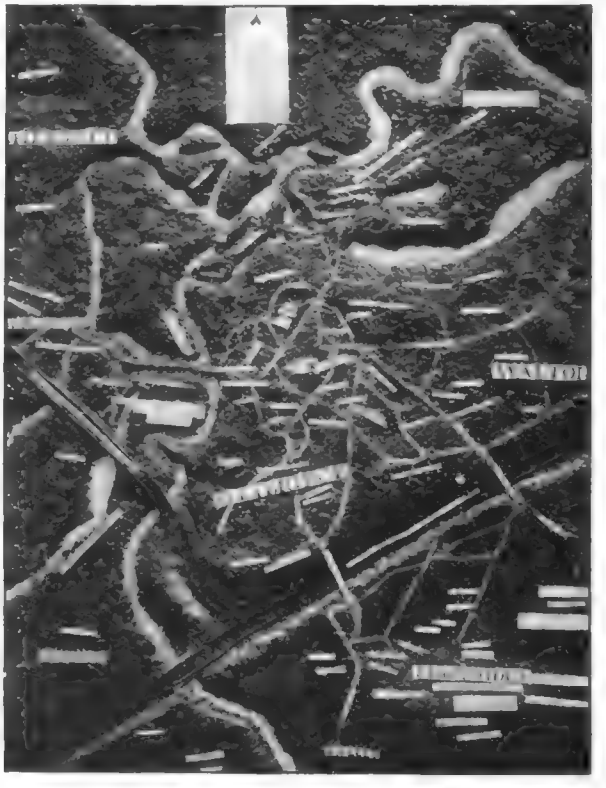
can be made to do very useful duty in connection with Nature-study. At some schools, and notably at the Higher Grade School for Girls at Burnley, the pupils, often for several weeks at a time, have to write each day a "weather story" based entirely upon their own observations made on the way to school. The most enthusiastic, one hears, tumble out of bed early in the morning and take a walk before breakfast, so that their reports may be full and thorough.

At some schools, too, the mistress takes a group of pupils into the playground, and they all observe the weather and see who discovers most points of interest. Then the attention of the children is drawn to "the funny things the clouds do while you watch them."



A relief map of Weybridge and district modelled by J. O. Rogers and O. W. Randall, of Weybridge National School, two children of twelve and thirteen, entirely from their own observations. (Photograph taken at the recent Nature-Study Exhibition.)

Should there be no weather-cock at hand, the direction and fluctuations of the wind are noted by observing the movements of the trees. And if, as is too often the case with our London schools, even trees should be wanting, the pupils can, more or less, gauge the direction of the wind by holding up a handkerchief or wetting a finger and noting which side of it dries first.

What happy, instructive moments are those devoted, for instance, to observing the approach of a thunderstorm! The swift movements of the electric clouds, their strange shapes and tints, the sudden gusts of wind, divided by moments of weird stillness, which usually forerun the storm; the zig-zags of the lightning, the roar of the thunder as it gradually increases in volume and gradually dies away—all this is noted and observed, and, because the "lesson" has been made pleasurable and interesting, is never likely to be forgotten.

In one school the children are called upon to sketch the clouds. Out they troop into the open, each armed with pencil and paper, the youngest girls as well as the elder ones. And though the sketches may not be of much value in themselves, their execution forces the pupils to observe the clouds and their formations, and teaches them far more than can be learnt from a book or a lecture.

Indeed, it is hard to overrate the value of such little relaxat ons in the middle of dreary school hours; they not only amuse and instruct the children, but make them very wide-awake and observant.

In other schools again the weather is minutely observed and chronicled with the help of barometers and thermometers. Every week a "weather clerk" is selected; he has to make his observations by the help of these instruments and his own ingenuity, and to record all impressions in black and white. A special prize is often given at the end of the year to the pupil whose records are the most concise and show the most knowledge and understanding of the subject.

It is a pity that observatories and telescopes are such expensive luxuries, for the study of the heavens is surely one of the most interesting, and most likely to appeal to the imagination. A few institutions like the Friends' School at Bootham, near York, can boast of

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Children at school under the sky, fossil hunting in a quarry. (By the courtesy of Mr. W. J. P. Burton, Lea School, Matlock Bath.)

an observatory; the great majority of schools, however, must be content to observe the heavens with the naked eye. Even then, however, much can be done if the school is only situated far enough away from the smoke-dimmed atmosphere of our cities.

In some schools, indeed, rough charts are drawn of the sky showing the positions of the most important constellations, and afterwards on clear starry nights, the boys are taken out in the open and set to discover the stars and constellations which they have as yet only seen on paper.

The sun and moon form also subjects of special study in most of the go-ahead schools to-day, and with the help of pictures, designs, and those ingenious models which are of such immense service to modern education, a boy soon acquires, without the use of a telescope, a tolerable knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies.

But what, after all, appeals to far the greater number of pupils and masters is that branch of Nature-study which deals with the earth itself, its formation and its dead inhabitants, whose remains constitute the much coveted fossils. The study of local geography and the making of a map of the district in which the school may be situated are also coming more and more into vogue. This work has a great charm for boys and girls, who model

An open-air school party studying the points of interest in a waterfall. (Photo by Mr. G. G. Lewis.)

the district in relief, thus getting a thorough grasp of the conformation of the land. Such studies lead to a consideration of the powers that have been and are still at work moulding mountain and valley and plain.

And then, above all, there are the expeditions for the purpose of collecting stones and fossils—long school hours of healthy enjoyment under the open sky, at which a child learns infinitely more than can be got when sitting at a desk and poring over the pages of

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The boys of Cadoxton School learning the history of rocks that have been worn and grooved by water. (By the courtesy of Mr. T. Ewbank.)

a book. The worth of these expeditions does not lie in the value of the objects collected by the child so much as in the zest and interest which is aroused. For to collect means to observe, to draw conclusions, to think, and to make inquiries for oneself.

The enthusiasm aroused by these studies and expeditions is in some schools amusingly intense. A master of one of our large day schools situated in the heart of London tells me that boys passing on their way to school along roads which are being mended take special pains to hunt for "specimens" among the chips and bits lying about, and march proudly into class, their pockets bulging with pieces of granite, sandstone, or flint.

One would not imagine the London streets to be on the whole very fruitful geological hunting grounds. Boys, nevertheless, collect an astonishing number of different kinds of stones. Search and interest are rendered keener by the master, who offers a small prize to the boy who manages to pick up the most specimens within a given time.

Sometimes, however, enthusiasm is carried too far. Recently an irate mother, after her young hopeful had been taking part in a talk over a piece of conglomerate, sent a curt message to the master expressing the hope the latter would refrain from teaching her son "to keep putting marbles into her kettle and spoiling the water."

Very many parents are anxious for their children to learn something about the earth. Few, it is to be hoped, however, are like the father who, having brought his boy to the School of Mines in order to study geology, said to Sir Andrew Ramsay:

"Now, mind you, Professor, I don't want my boy to learn about stratified deposits or

Boys of Cadoxton School examining a fossil found in a quarry. (By the courtesy of Mr. T. Ewbank.)

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fossils, about limestones or sandstones, crystals, minerals, or any other useless stuff. I want him just to be taught how to find gold, silver, and other precious metals in paying quantities, sir!—in paying quantities!"

The writer has a very vivid recollection of a fossil-hunting expedition in Suffolk, which he and the boys of a school undertook one bitter winter day. The prospect was not altogether encouraging, but the enthusiasm of the pupils carried all before them. First came a four mile walk through the blinding snow, which began to fall almost immediately after we had started.

Once at our destination, work began, and soon the rocks resounded with the sound of picks and hammers. The snow still fell, the cold was intense, but the hour or two spent in eager labour passed like so many minutes, such was the zest and enthusiasm.

On another occasion the party discovered an outcrop "crag" in a brickfield in the centre of the town, and sallying forth one day, a shaft over 6ft. in depth and 4ft. square was sunk through the deposit with a celerity which skilled workmen could hardly have beaten. The only interesting find consisted in the discovery of a few small cowries, but as they had never been previously found in the neighbourhood, the labour was considered well spent.

Though they may not always carry off such heavy spoils, girls can be quite as enthusiastic in these matters as boys. Anyone who could see the pupils of the Westbourne Road School, at Sheffield, in a quarry, or could hear their cries: "*Do* come here!" "What *have* I found?" or "How *did* that get there?" would bear this out. The girls work in little groups, some with hammers, some with fingers, while others seek to persuade the quarrymen to give them some particularly interesting specimens.

The pupils of the Severn Road Schools at Cardiff at rest after fossil hunting in Radyn Quarry.
(By the courtesy of Mr. W. Greig.)

Taking a long jump on to Somersetshire we may find the Wells Blue School, where the girls are specially keen on geological rambles. So ardent were these upon one occasion, at least, that in looking for a Lias section they lost themselves. Eventually,

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A Saturday excursion to a quarry. Prizes are offered to the finder of the best fossils. (Photo by Mr. G. G. Lewis.)

after hours of wandering, they found the quarry, themselves, and also some fine stalactites, which they bore home in triumph.

These damsels have also explored the mysteries of Wookey Hole. It takes no little courage to seize a candle and enter the door that leads into the hillside, while a damp, earthy smell creeps out. The explorers know that boys have been already locked up in the cave, and the same fate might well happen to girls. One child tells how her father, when a boy, fought his way out by another opening, now long closed up. At last, however, all fears are overcome, and the girls boldly seek out the recesses of the huge cavern.

Most of these expeditions were taken on holidays, and even in elementary schools holidays are often still the only times available for whole day excursions for the purpose of Nature-study.

Sometimes, before starting on a ramble, a programme is stylographed and distributed among the boys. The following, which has come to hand, makes rather amusing reading:

Arnot Higher Grade School, Liverpool.

Ramble No. 7, January 25th, 1902.

Meet at Cherry Lane Camp, at 1.30 *p.m.*

Rough, heavy boots and old clothes; prepare to get dirty. Sunday clothes strictly prohibited.

Then follows a brief account of the route and suggestions as to points of special interest to be looked out for.

In Mr. J. H. Cowham's book on "School Journeys," Mr. T. Crashaw adds a record of an interesting expedition which the boys of the Wesley School, Padiham, in Lancashire, undertook a short while ago. The idea of the tour was to observe the course of a river and all its features. The river selected was the Calder, the banks of which the boys followed for miles.

Having arrived by the side of the stream attention is first drawn to the movement of the water. To what point of the compass does it flow? If a

Schoolboys fossil hunting in a chalk pit; all sorts of curious finds are possible, from shark's teeth to the bones and shells of the smallest sea-dwellers. (Photo by Mr. G. G. Lewis.)

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compass is not at hand the position of the sun helps the pupils in their decision. Then minor details of the water movement are noted; currents, eddies, ripples are observed, and the cause for each phenomenon is gone into. The pupils are told to remain quite still for a moment and listen to the sound of the stream. They discover that the "babbling" is loudest where the eddies and ripples are most pronounced, and that these occur where the water is shallowest or winds among rocks and boulders.

At a straight portion of the river a couple of tightly corked bottles are thrown into the water, one into the middle, one near to the bank. The bottle in the middle easily outstrips the other, which proves that the water in the middle of the stream moves much faster than the water close to the banks.

Why?

A poser, which the master may easily explain away by a simple experiment. He rolls a piece of paper into a cone and fills it with sand, after which he makes a small hole at the apex end of the cone. The sand subsides quickly in the centre, slowly at the sides. The master then makes it clear that the greater friction a flowing body has to encounter the slower its movement. As the sand in the centre of the cone drops faster, meeting with less friction than the sand at the sides, so the water moves quickest in mid-stream, being farthest removed from contact with the bed and banks of the river.

The banks and their formation are closely studied; reasons are sought and given for the winding course which the river adopts at certain places; the party pass a mill, and the uses of running water are gone into, and the action of the mill wheel explained; stones lying beside the river are collected, and their histories roughly deduced from examination of their substance and shape. A pebble is, let us say, of a hard, fine grain. The only rocks in the locality are of soft sandstone. The pebble must, therefore, have come from another place. How has it come? It is round and smooth, which proves that it has been rolled along by water, rounder and smoother than other pebbles of the same kind; it has, therefore, been longer in the river than these; and have come from a spot higher up the river where stone of the kind is to be found.

A coal-mine is sometimes visited by Nature students. Here is one in the Forest of Dean visited by boys on a "School Under the Sky" expedition. (Photo by Mr. G. G. Lewis.)

In certain districts there is no expense connected with these excursions, but in the case of schools situated in large towns it may be necessary to travel ten or twelve miles by train. Even then, however, the expenses are not ruinous. For should the expedition consist of fifty or sixty boys the railway companies grant so considerable a reduction in fares, that sixpence a head covers all travelling expenses. Luncheon the party usually carries with them; tea costs on an average another sixpence; a shilling will, therefore, secure to each boy his day's outing!

Most delightful of all, at least from the boys' point of view, are the long excursions which are organised in some schools and undertaken every year by parties of boys and masters who start off together for a week during the holidays to carry out a definite and well-planned programme.

One school in particular, the Bellenden Road School at Peckham, is famous for its expeditions, due to the energetic initiative of Mr. George Lewis, assisted by two of his colleagues, Messrs. Longhurst and Turner. Enjoyment and study, cunningly blended, are the main objects of these tours, and as every

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school in England should get them up, one cannot do better than close this article with brief sketch of one of them.

After the approval and permission of the parents have been secured, each boy is presented with a guide-book, especially got up by the masters, setting forth the rules and regulations and giving the whole programme. Some pages are given up to maps of the various places the party intend to explore; others are left open to be filled up with drawings of fossils or any other treasures that may be discovered on the journey.

Then come the receipts and expenses for each day, for the boys have to keep their accounts, and the pocket-money is balanced every night. The last page is devoted to a register of the marks obtained for conduct and for the answers given to questions at the end of the day. For every evening a little examination is held, and the boy who manages to secure the highest number of marks is presented with a small prize.

A start is made. The day may possibly be rainy; if so, you will probably see Mr. Lewis or one of the masters running from railway carriage to railway carriage administering drops of spirits of camphor on lumps of sugar to each of his youthful charges.

The goal of the journey is Chepstow, and the first and last days of the expedition are devoted to the railway journey, with an occasional stop at places of interest, and an hour or so spent in exploration.

The intermediate days are given to excursions in and about Chepstow. A day is spent in the Forest of Dean; a trip is taken to Wales; an expedition is made up the Wye. Each day is crowded with sheer enjoyment, each day is a liberal education. For the boys gather more real and useful knowledge during the week's excursion, than they would glean by a year's cramming between the four walls of a schoolroom.

Occasionally, on one of the walks, the party may come on a small stream. A halt is called. Orders are passed that the stream is to be dammed and directed to another course; the boys' ingenuity is put to the test. How can they dam the stream? A consultation is held. Sticks and stones, turf, and earth are collected; the stream is dammed, a sluice is cut in the bank and the water directed from its original bed. Then the force and value of running water are gauged, and the boys construct waterfalls and lakes, under the directions of a master, no doubt, but always relying chiefly on their own ingenuity.

Sketches are made of the conformation of the country side; maps are carefully studied; for when the boys are at school again they will be required to model in wet sand some of the places they have visited, pieces of chalk being used to indicate the towns and villages, and parallel lines of matches the railways.

In order to teach the lads self-reliance and the use of the map the masters sometimes forsake them altogether. Within a given time they must find their way to a certain spot. The roads and paths are sometimes intricate. If the boys have not a compass to help them, someone is sure to possess a watch, and we all know that the south lies exactly in the centre between the figure that marks twelve o'clock and the short hand if the latter is pointed directly at the sun.

"And as yet," Mr. Lewis says, "they have never failed to arrive at the right moment."

Meanwhile the search for "specimens" is unremitting; fossils and stones are collected all day long; quarries are explored, coal pits visited, and when finally the youngsters start on their homeward journey they are so heavily laden with miscellaneous spoils that the parents are especially requested to send someone to the station to meet and help them!

An Interesting Competition for Boys and Girls.

Competitors are asked to write a short description of the aspects of Nature in January. Anything that strikes them as worthy of notice should be set down; observations on the weather and its effect on the appearance of plants, animals, the earth, the sky, &c., &c., and any interesting natural phenomena, their causes and effects.

PARTICULARS.

The Competitors will be divided into three classes:

(1) Those Under the Age of Ten. (2) Those from Ten to Fifteen. (3) Those from Fifteen to Twenty.

No account may exceed 300 words in length.

Three Prizes of a Guinea Apiece are offered in each Class of Competitors for the Best Accounts sent in.

Competitors must write in a clear hand on one side of the paper only, and must inscribe his or her name and address also, the name of his or her school, in the top left-hand corner of the first page.

All attempts must arrive at this office before January 31st, and must be addressed to the Editor, The Royal Magazine, 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The word "January" must be written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

A Special Prize will be presented to the School which supplies the greatest number of Competitors in this Competition.

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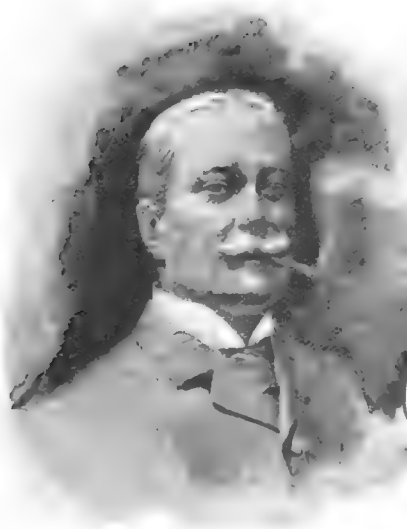

My Nephew Max

By Fox Russell.

Being a further Extract from the Diary of a Married Uncle.

The following letter has just been sent me by my nephew Max. Rather perturbing, the idea of his taking to "Finans," as he calls it. Think "Littrycher" safer and less likely to get him into trouble. Letter ends with pretty strong hint for an invitation here in the holidays.

Hope this will not be pressed. Always dread the ordeal. So wearing to take responsibility of these high-spirited boys. Shall say nothing at present, and trust to chapter of accidents to relieve me from necessity of asking them to stay with us.

Dear Uncle Charlie—

Furst, before I forget it, thanks orfly for your jenrus tip. I dident know wether you ment it all for me, or to be devided between me and Stinker, so as I think I shall go in for being a Finansyer insted of taking to Littry pursutes ass I had intended, I comenced by giving him ten per scent of the tip, and kept the rest.

This is my furst Finanshal transakshon, and now the little ass ses it isent fare, and that I've cheeted him! He hasent got any idea of Finans, himself.

Before I give up my Littry labers I think of riting a detecktive story of the Sherlock Holmes sort—I say, their riping, ain't they? —or an adventure like Captain Kettle's.

I cort him by the neck and lent him tenpence.

If I rite it, will you send it up to some maggoseen for me?

Larst month I did send a small thing—it was a pome—up to a newspaper, and arksed the Eddyter what I ought to get for it, and he replide, in "Arnsers to Co-respondents," "About six months"—I dunno what he ment, do you?

Praps, ass you orlways take a grate intrest in our fewcher and talk sutch a lot of rot—good advise, I mean—about what we ort to do wen weere groan up, youde like to know why I think of taking up Finans insted of Littrycher—well, its like his.

I've jest heard orl about the Joos, and how they orlways becum prosprus by making money by lending it—at least I mean not by lending it, but by getting it back—well, they couldn't get it back without lending it furst, of coarse, but what I mean is, not by lending it but by lending the interest on—oh, blow it! thats not rite, either; but you know what I mean. I never could egsplane things wen they got mixed up like this. Well, so I thought Ide commence yestiddy. I went to Murray minor, wun of the little fellers, and said: "Look hear, you young ass, do you want to borrer enny money?" and he simpelly stared and said "No, he dident"; so I sed "Well, then, youll jolly well have to, thats orl," and before he could

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bunk away, I cort him by the neck and lent him tenpence, witch he had to pay back next day, and I charged him twopence intrest, making it a bob—well, that was quite rite, I spose, wasent it? The little fool pade up, but you could see he everdently dident understand the prinserple of the thing a bit. In fackt, he's even now in Smearyun darkness about why he should ever have borrered enny money at orl.

But arfter school, his brother, Murray Major, whoose a big, red-hared, splay-footed Sckotch chap, came up to me and sed:

"Look hear, you jest give back that twopence to young Legs" (we corl him Legs becos he wares a kilt) "or Ile lick you well."

I sed:

"Thats all rot, thats not Finans at orl. Spose fellers orl did that sort of thing, where would the Joos be?" and he sed he dident care a jigger about the Joos, but I was to give up that twopence. Well, of coarse, if it had been one of the little fellers, I should have jolly well smakd his hed, but ass it was a feller ass big ass Murray Major I *had* to give it up, and then blowed if he dident trouser the twopence himself, insted of giving it back to his young brother. Well, thats not Finans, is it, but bear-face robbry. I spose even in London *sum* Finans *is* bear-face robbry, isent it? Ennyway, if this is a fare spessimen, Ime going back to Littrycher.

Still, before I give it up, Ile try it on with sum of the littler fellers who havent got big brothers (speshally *Sckotch* brothers) and let you know the ressult. Praps if I twist ther arms a bit, I can make even more prophet than twopence on a bob loan.

We had a Merit Holiday given us on Saturday for those fellers who had made a sufishent number of marks. Stinker had made enuff, but I hadent, egsackly, so I sed I felt sick, well, so I did at the idear of other fellers having a holiday and not me, so it was quite true, and old Stoggins, our headmaster, looked at me saverely, but sed I mite go for this wunce.

So Stinker and I went home from Saturday to Monday. By gove! it *was* a rag!—only I neerly got pipped, ass I forgot I was on the sick-list, and had a fite with Parker Major in the criket feeld after school, and he hit me in the eye, and to prevent it being seen I had to leen my hed on my hand orl that evening, and swear I had a hedake.

Well, that Sunday it was an orfle lark. You know my sister Eileen? well, theres a feller whoose orfly gone on her—Captain Alfred Welwyn. He's rarther an ass, but not a bad chap reely, he gives us tips sumtimes but not orfen enuff. He and Eileen had been rotting about in the garden orl the arfternoon, and Ide climed up the cherry tree—it's a Biggerroon cherry, you know—and bin stuffing cherries, and thers a seat below, and they came and sat down and sed nothing for quite a long time. I kept quite still and pressently he side and then Eileen side, and he took her hand in his, and looked at it as if it was too preshious to tutch; he ought to have seen it ass jolly dirty ass I have, sumtimes! Then he sed:

"And is it quite hoapless, then?"

I neerly burst.

Eileen only side agane, and he leened his hed on his hands and sed:

"I shall vollunteer for service at the frunt."

"And a jolly good job, too," I thort, "your hear too orfen to please me."

Eileen sed: "Oh dont do ennything so foolish, Alfred," and he sed: "What do you think I care about life now?"

What beasely rot, wassent it? And she sed: "Oh, Alfred, you musent talk like that—I can always be a sister to you," and he sed he dident want to think of her ass a sister and I sed to myself: "Quite rite, sisters are orl rotters."

At larst he looked up and sed: "Tell me, do you love—" then he gave a gurgle and a garsp—"is there ennyone else?"

"Enny *one* else!" I thort, "well thats a good 'un. Why theres about a duzzen!"

And she side agane, and sed quite dammurely:

"Oh, no, its not that."

I spose she ment its not *those*. By gum! girls can tell sum whoppers, carnt they?

Then he sed: "Oh, my darling, I have luvd you since the furst moment I saw you," witch was an orfle cram, for the furst time they met he was spooning another girl and sat with her orl that evening. I know, becos I was there till jest before the dancers came into the supper-room, hooking things out of the side dishes for myself and Stinker.

Then Eileen put her hand in his agane, and told him she could prommise nothing deaf-in-it, and he sed: "But tell me at leest that I may hoap." Well, jest then I began to wish they'd shut up all this tommy rot and go, ass I had eten too menny cherries witch wearent egsackly ripe and Ide got a pane in the lower part of my chest. But a fat lot that chap cared for enny other feller's sufrings.

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He grarsped her hand as grate-fooly ass if sheed given him a sov. tip to go back to school with, and sed: "Oh, my love, you make a new life open out before me" (Did you ever hear sutch orfle rot?) "I will live" (well of coarse he would: he couldn't die by jest trying to—a feller can't turn himself off at the main, ass if he was the Water or the Gas), "I will live to be your slave" (Ime blowed if *I* would). "Oh, how happy we should be, my Eileen."

"Would you," I thought, "dont be so jolly cocky about *that*. Eileen's orl very well, but you should see her wen she's got her hair orf."

I yelled out: "Oh, for goodness sake, say he's your own, or you're his own . . . and let me come out of this!"

Jest then I began to wish *Ide* never bin born—the pane in my st——chest was orfle.

They both got up, and he kissed her and sed:

"My own, say you are my own, my very own——," and by gum, I couldn't stand it enny longer, and from up in the tree I yelled out:

"Oh, for goodness sake, say he's your own, or you're his own, or whatever he wants, and let me come out of this!"

And then wen I dropped down, they both turned orfly red, and Eileen sed: "You horrid boy, how hateful of you to listen," and Captain Welwyn looked so effended.

Fancy! arfter all that rotting about, their reely engaged, and weer to call him Alfred, now. What humbugs girls are! Why couldent she have sed so at once, I meah sed "Yes," insted of prettending she ment to say "No"? Sisters are orl alike—at least a fellers own sisters are. I dont so much mind other fellers sisters; their more intresting sumhow, and their orlways so mutch prettyer than a fellers own sisters, you know.

I wonder if we shall see you next holidays. Shall I and Stinker come over to see you and Aunt Mollie? I dessay we could stay the night—or even longer if youd preffer it. Praps youll let me know later on in the term. Ime shure we could come and stay enny time.

Give our love to Aunt Mollie.

Yours affecshuntly,

MAX.

P.S.—Stoggins has jest found out about that fite I had, and sent a messidge that Ime to go to his studdy arfter school. Rarther beasely for a feller, aint it?

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A strange way of carrying a canoe.

PICTURE . . . PARAGRAPHS.

Photographs of Things Strange, and Quaint, and Curious from all parts of the World. Readers are Especially Invited to Forward any such Photographs which They may Possess to the Editor, who will Pay Liberally for Those he Considers Suitable for Publication.

ACHILL ISLAND CANOES.

Off the west coast of Ireland—to be exact, off the west coast of County Mayo—is a small island called Achill. The quaintest island institution is the canoe. This is the descendant of the old Irish "curragh." In Achill Island there are no piers or landing-stages, so the canoes are carried down to the beach in the curious way shown in the photograph, the men's heads being inside the boat.

"THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE."

Coney Island, New York, is a place of wondrous surprises. "The House of Too Much Trouble" is one of the festive resort's most unique productions. A few miles from the beach one sees a large, round building, across the front of which building are the mystic words, "House of Too Much Trouble."

When you have got into the "House" your trouble begins. Doors are on all sides, and you open one after another only to find yourself wandering in a labyrinth of passages and alley-ways. It usually takes half-an-hour—sometimes two hours—to extricate yourself from the maze of passages into which your curiosity has led you.

A wonderful wooden maze.

GREAT PAUL.

Great Paul is the heaviest bell in the United Kingdom, and one of the largest in the world. He was born at Loughborough in 1881, and was taken to St. Paul's Cathedral and put up in the south-west clock tower. There was a great to do to get the huge bell into the cathedral, for it was so big that the doors had to be taken right off. Great Paul is nine feet in height, and in the broadest part is nine feet six inches round. His weight is over twenty tons, and he has a splendid deep tone. The bell is worth £3500, at a moderate estimate. When he was built the railway authorities refused to take him up to town, as the responsibility was too great, so Great Paul was taken up to town by road. The journey occupied eleven days.

The great bell of St. Paul's, 9ft. high.

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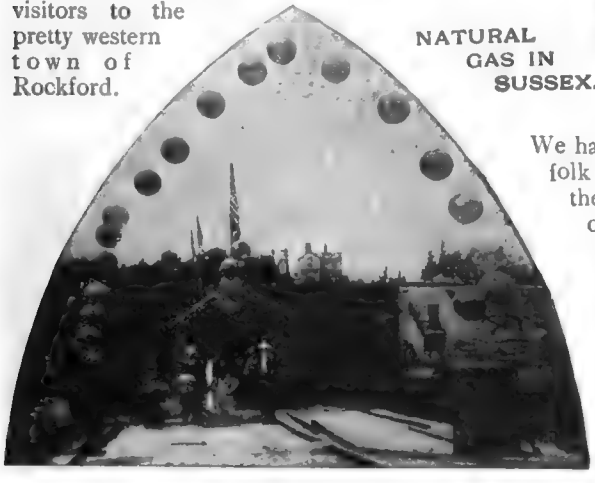
A MERRY QUARTETTE.

Here is a merry quartette of little people. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Knowe, of the town of Rockford, Washington, in the United States. You might imagine that in a case like this the children would be unhealthy. One always has a feeling that they would, so to speak, divide the natural stock of health between the four of them, and so each would have but a quarter. But this is far from the case here, for they are as healthy a set of youngsters as can be found anywhere. There are two boys and two girls, and their names are Leolf, Lear, Leona, and Leosna.

Their naturally proud mother has always enjoyed the best of health, and so has imparted a blessing to her four bonny offsprings. Mrs. Knowe is delighted to show her family to the many visitors to the pretty western town of Rockford.

A happy party of four.

NATURAL GAS IN SUSSEX.



Testing natural gas.

We have frequently heard of those wonderful folk from over the water "striking ile," as they call it. But to "strike gas" is not an occurrence that is heard of every day. This phenomenon has really happened in the Sussex town of Heathfield.

The gas comes from wells deep in the ground, and at present there seems to be an unlimited supply of it. At first the gas was used to light up the railway station alone, but now it is largely used in the town.

The lighting power of the gas is quite as good as that of the ordinary coal gas. The company who own the wells declare that they could light up half of London easily.

The photograph given here shows a lot of little balloons that are used to find out the specific gravity of the gas. These little balloons sail gaily away for miles.

A DUCK'S GRAVE.

"In the year of grace 1601," as histories say, a duck was seen to fly into an ash tree in the little village of Aston-in-the-Water. Moreover, the duck was not seen to emerge from the tree. For many generations this tale was handed down, and has lately been proved true. The tree, known to this day as "the duck tree," having become rotten with age, has been pulled down and cut up. Two boards were taken from the centre on which was clearly seen the impress of the ill-starred duck. This impress measures twenty-one by eight inches, the neck being five inches long. The duck evidently flew into a hole, and was unable to get out. The hole closing up, squashed the bird, thus leaving the indelible impression of its body.

All that is left of a duck that was caught in a tree.

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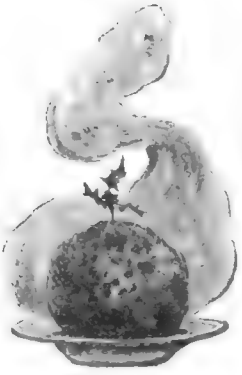
A Christmas Dinner

By Arnold M. Anderson.

AN excellent cook is my mamma,
As everybody knows;
The dinner which we had to-day
Her skill in cooking shows.

The oyster patties were the best
That I had ever eaten,
The turkey and the stuffing, too,
I'm sure could not be beaten!
And oh! the fruits and nuts and cakes!
The pudding and the pie!
Oh dear, I ate so awfully much
I really thought I'd die!



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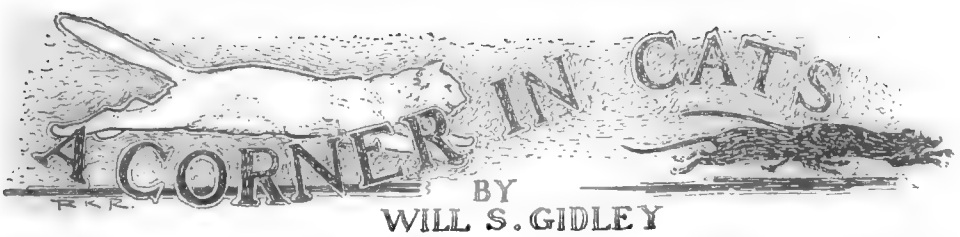

BY
WILL S. GIDLEY

THE one hundred thousand inhabitants, more or less, of the bustling northern town we shall immortalise as Boomopolis woke up one morning to find staring them in the face from every hoarding within the town limits, and from the want columns of the local dailies the following cabalistic sentence in the biggest and blackest type:

CATS!
CATS!
CASH FOR CATS!

No signature, no address, nothing to indicate who wanted the felines, nor where they were to be delivered and the cash collected. Simply the tantalising and indefinite announcement above quoted.

The public curiosity was aroused at once, and for several days thereafter the weather, politics, all society gossip, even the Lipton yacht race, all were relegated to the background by something of far more vital and immediate importance—the burning question as to who was responsible for the cat advertisement, and whether it would turn out to be a *bonâ fide* business proposition or only the work of some practical and irresponsible joker of the vicinity.

If the advertisement was a joke it was certainly an expensive one, and the point of the intended witticism was so effectually concealed that no one, except perhaps the joker himself, was able to guess what it was.

But then the question arose, if the advertiser meant business and was really anxious to acquire a stock of cats in exchange for cash, why had he neglected to give his name and the locality of his office?

As the notices, no matter where they had appeared, on hoardings or in the advertising columns of the newspapers, all read in the same way, the omission evidently was by design and not through oversight or accident.

Inquiries made at the office of the various journals in which the announcement had been printed failed to elicit any information regarding the person or persons who had procured its insertion.

The advertisement in question had been received, paid for, and published in the regular order of business, said the newspaper managers curtly, but the name of the advertiser concerned himself alone at present. If he wished his name and whereabouts to become public property, he would doubtless use his own methods and choose his own time for making them known.

The parties who had printed and distributed the posters were equally uncommunicative. And so, right on the threshold of the investigation, the curiosity-mongers were foiled. For one whole week they fumed and fretted, wearing out their small stock of brains in vain surmisings regarding the authorship and hidden meaning of the anonymous advertisements. Then, just as the public curiosity began to show signs of

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flagging, fresh fuel was added to the flames by the following announcement, which appeared just as mysteriously as its predecessor, one morning, in the newspaper advertising columns and scattered far and wide on the hoardings throughout the town and suburbs:

CASH! CASH!
CASH FOR CATS!!!

N.B.—Don't drown your cats or give them away. Wait for the cash!

The puzzle was still as far from a solution as ever. The joke—if joke it was—was evidently a serial "to be continued in our next."

There are very few people, however, who admire that sort of humour, and the anonymous instigator of the cat advertisement and posters was called some decidedly uncomplimentary names during the next few days after the second series of his aggravating announcements appeared.

Some set him down as a pestiferous crank, others as a harmless idiot with more money than brains, and wondered why his friends didn't have him placed in some reliable asylum, while still others described him as a shrewd, wide-awake schemer with some skilfully laid, money-making plot under way which would be developed in due time.

Perhaps, some said, his plan was to increase the circulation of the papers in which his peculiar "ads" appeared. Others argued that the advertiser was probably a wealthy victim of insomnia, caused by back-yard prowlers, and he was shrewdly endeavouring to spread abroad the idea that cats were valuable, so that people would keep them at home nights and allow him to get some sleep.

For two weeks the public was kept guessing, and then the cat was let out of the bag at last. The notices already quoted appeared once more in advertising columns and on hoardings—everywhere that the laws allowed, and in some places that it didn't—with an important addition.

The notice in its completed form read as follows:—

CATS! CATS!!
CASH FOR CATS!!!

Half-a-crown each paid for cats delivered at our place of business in the old skating rink, Main Street, Boomopolis. Office hours, 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.

Bring on your cats! The more the merrier! "Cash for Cats" is our trade mark and motto, and we are absolutely the only firm on earth that is doing business on that basis. Don't forget that we pay cash on delivery.

Cats! Cats! Cash for Cats!

ORIENTAL CAT COMPANY (Limited).
John Hubbs, President;
Peter Tubbs, Secretary and Treasurer.

One of the first people of Boomopolis to call at the old rink building (with a half-starved feline under his arm) to ascertain if the good news could be true that cats and half-crowns were interchangeable commodities was Sampson Jones, and he came flying back almost out of breath and reported to his friends as follows:—

"Tain't no fairy story, me lads! They're buyin' the cats all right, an' here's the cash to prove it! They've got the whole rink covered with big signs asking you to bring yer cats. And you bet I'll do it too, fast as I capture one of 'em. Cats at half-a-crown a-piece beats sellin' papers or blackin' boots."

From time to time on Jones devoted his waking moments chiefly to the cat industry, deriving quite a revenue therefrom, as did many other future business men and capitalists of Boomopolis. In less than a fortnight every vagrant feline within the city limits had been turned into cash at the receiving department of the Oriental Cat Company.

And the cats that came in were not all vagrants. Many a servant girl was not above adding a casual half-crown or so to her income by disposing of the family pets, or pests, as she considered them, which were continually stealing things or lying about

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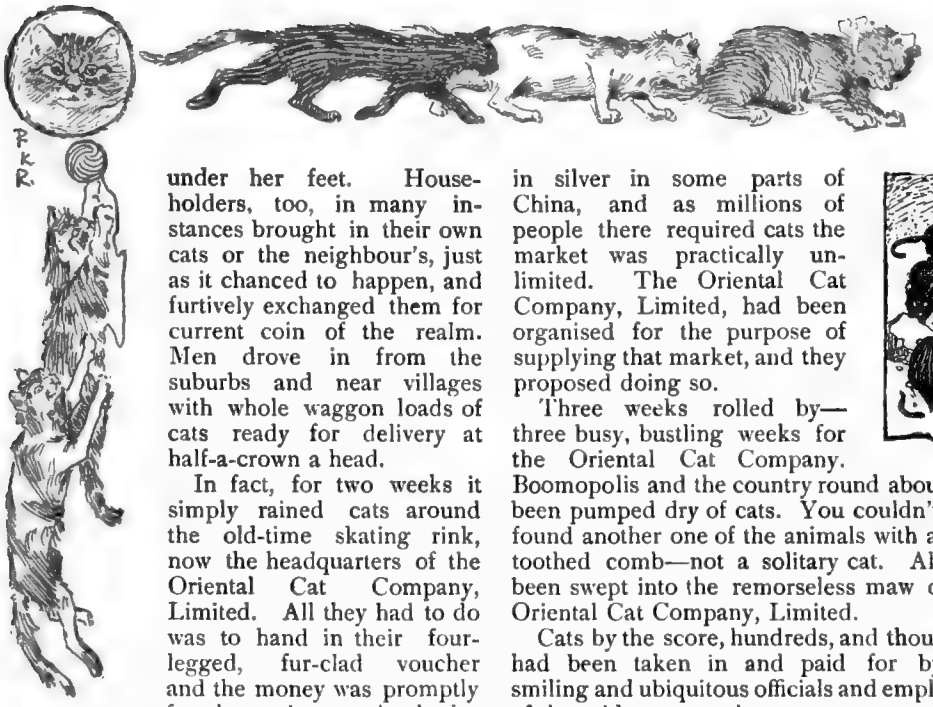


under her feet. Householders, too, in many instances brought in their own cats or the neighbour's, just as it chanced to happen, and furtively exchanged them for current coin of the realm. Men drove in from the suburbs and near villages with whole waggon loads of cats ready for delivery at half-a-crown a head.

In fact, for two weeks it simply rained cats around the old-time skating rink, now the headquarters of the Oriental Cat Company, Limited. All they had to do was to hand in their four-legged, fur-clad voucher and the money was promptly forthcoming. And the cashier of the Oriental Cat Company Limited was not at all particular. Anything in the shape of a cat would do. All he insisted on was that the cat must be alive. He drew the line at dead cats.

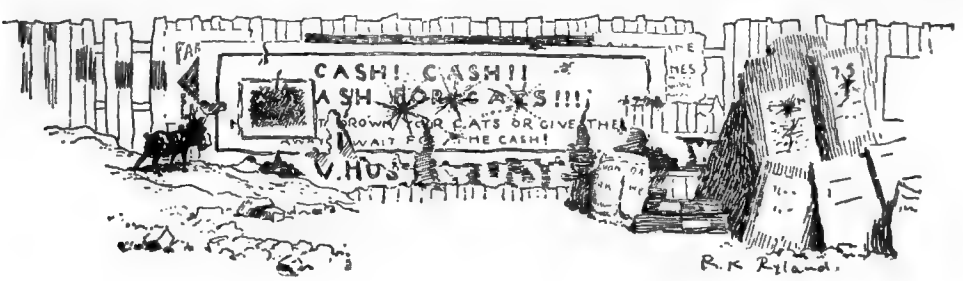
When questioned as to what they were going to do with so many cats, the affable president and the equally obliging secretary and treasurer of the company replied that they expected to find a market for them in China, hence the title the Oriental Cat Company. In certain sections of the Flowery Kingdom felines were very scarce and would command high prices, especially if they were good mousers and rat-catchers. An active, able-bodied cat would almost bring its weight in silver in some parts of China, and as millions of people there required cats the market was practically unlimited. The Oriental Cat Company, Limited, had been organised for the purpose of supplying that market, and they proposed doing so.

Three weeks rolled by—three busy, bustling weeks for the Oriental Cat Company. Boomopolis and the country round about had been pumped dry of cats. You couldn't have found another one of the animals with a fine-toothed comb—not a solitary cat. All had been swept into the remorseless maw of the Oriental Cat Company, Limited.

Cats by the score, hundreds, and thousands had been taken in and paid for by the smiling and ubiquitous officials and employees of the said company, but, strange to say, none had been shipped away. Not a cat. They were all still being housed and fed in the old rink in Main Street, and many a crippled, broken-down horse worthy of a better fate found its way thither to be cut up into "cat's-meat" and distributed to a drove of hungry felines.

Some days passed without any move being made on the part of the Cat Company, and then just as they had begun talking of getting the animals ready for shipment a plague of rats suddenly broke out in Boomopolis. Nobody seemed to know where they all came from, but there they were as thick as ogling youths round a pretty girl. And they were about the fiercest and hungriest rodents that ever pestered a community.

Nothing, apparently, was safe from their attacks. They invaded cellars, shops, warehouses, public buildings, private buildings,



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the mansions of the rich, and the tenements of the poor—every place, in fact, where they could find anything worth eating or worth destroying.

In the midst of the inundation the people suddenly bethought themselves of cats. Cats were what was needed, and they were needed at once!

But where were they to be had, unless, perhaps, the Oriental Cat Company, Limited, could be induced to sacrifice their stock after taking such trouble to get it together?

It seemed almost providential that the rat epidemic happened to break out while the cats were yet within reach, instead of being *en route* to China, as they might have been a few days later.

The cats were still in the town, and their assistance was urgently needed in the present crisis.

With one accord the populace began storming the doors of the Oriental Cat Company Limited, and demanding cats. "Cats! cats! We must have cats!" was the cry, and the public-spirited manager of the cat company aforesaid, sitting in his snug office, heard the call and rose to the occasion.

"Cats? Certainly," said Mr. Hubbs in the blandest of accents. "Sell 'em if anybody wants 'em. Mr. Tubbs, hang out a sign.

"May look like a do, gentlemen, but that is what they would bring in China. Hate to disappoint our customers there, but have to do it, I suppose, seeing the cats are badly needed here in the present emergency. Got that sign, Mr. Tubbs? All right; hang 'er out."

And the sign in question was promptly swung to the breeze.

FOR SALE.

Choice Cats	£2
Common Cats...	£1

The public needed cats—and even at this price, cats they had to buy; they bought them so quickly that precisely one week later Messrs. Hubbs and Tubbs, the obliging officials of the Oriental Cat Company, Limited, closed up their now catless and deserted place of business in the old rink at the corner of Main Street, Boomopolis, and bade farewell for ever to that growing Northern town, taking their departure *vid* the night express for the South.

Snugly ensconced in a quiet corner of the smoking-carriage the erstwhile president of the Oriental Cat Company, Limited—now gone out of business—bit off the end of a shilling cigar, handed its mate to his companion, and, after lighting up, said between puffs:

"Didn't forget (puff) anything in your hurry to-night, did you, Tubbs?"

"Rather not," was the laconic reply.

"Tear up the carriage bill from Liverpool for the two cars of (puff) live stock in crates; they may (puff) smell a rat if you didn't."

"Did better than that. Burnt it."

"That's good (puff). Er—I (puff)—I've just been thinking that we've made pretty (puff) fair day's wages for the past two months, eh?"

"Well, yes," frankly admitted the worthy Mr. Tubbs, with a knowing wink, "I *have* seen the time that I have worked for less."

ROYAL DOLLS IN THE NURSERY.

The latest craze for the nursery is dolls made in the image of famous people. Here we have no less a personage than King Edward. You can read about many other famous persons, doll-likenesses of whom are popular, in the Christmas Number of THE LADY'S MAGAZINE. Price 6d. as usual.

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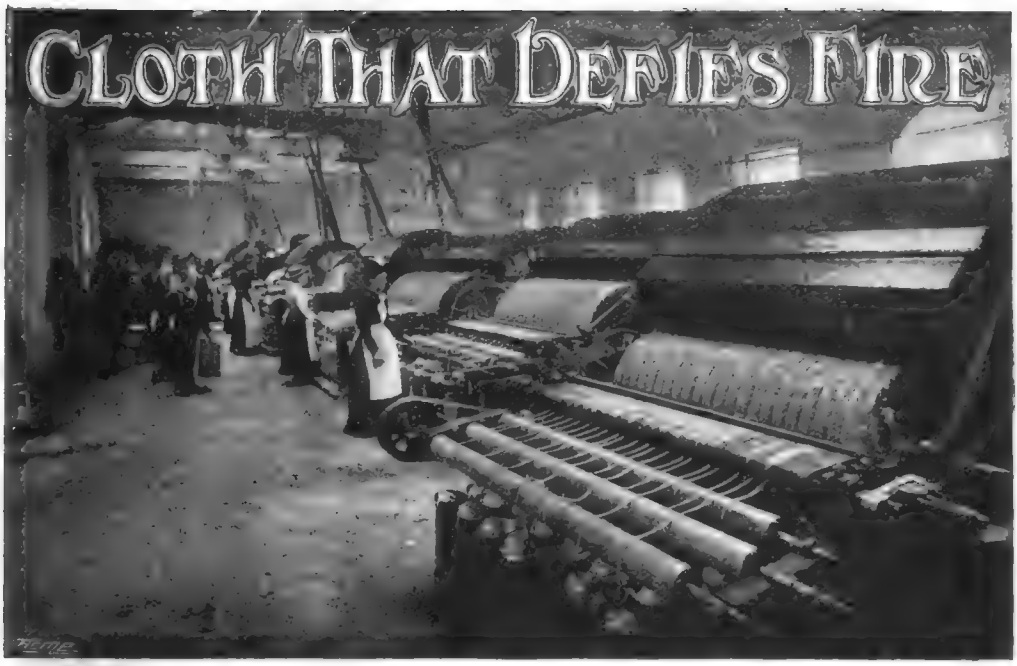
Cloth That Defies Fire



Weaving cloth out of threads of the mineral asbestos.

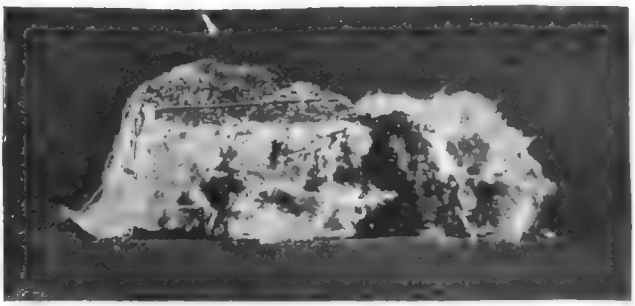
By George A. Wade.

How many people in these islands know that there are folk living amongst them who have constantly to wear clothes made of stone? Certainly few, but it is nevertheless a fact that there are a large number of persons who have, in the course of their daily duties, to array themselves in garments which have not been supplied by either the animal or the vegetable kingdom, but by the mineral one.

The persons who have to wear clothes made from stone are those whose vocations make them run a special risk from fire. You may think, therefore, that the various fire brigades throughout the land will be the chief buyers of stone clothes. But this is not the case. It is the furnace workers who frequently wear clothes of the kind we are dealing with, though, of course, firemen do now and then require fitting out similarly.

What kind of stone is it that is employed for the making of clothes in this way, and how are such clothes made? To find out all about these matters I recently paid a visit to the works of the United Asbestos Company at Harefield, where some novel sights are to be seen, which have practically no counterpart in any other "spinning" works in England.

Asbestos is well-known by name to most people; the facts about it are just as little known. It is a mineral, a kind of stone, which is found chiefly in Italy, Canada, and Russia. It has been found in Wales, but the mineral there is of poor quality and hardly worth the cost of working. From the three first-mentioned



A solid lump of raw asbestos, as it appears when it is first taken from the ground.

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countries practically all the asbestos needed by the world comes.

Canadian asbestos is compact in structure, the finest in thread or grain, and the commonest. But the Italian sort is equally marketable, is stronger, has a longer fibre, and is generally accounted the most valuable of all asbestos. It is not, however, found in large quantities. The Russian kind much resembles the Canadian, but is more brittle.

Asbestos is as hard as quartz when it exists in great quantities. It is blasted from quarries, as slate is blasted in our own land. After the blasting it falls down from the fissures between other rocks in big solid chunks, in which form it is carted down to the sea for transmission to its destination.

At the time it leaves the quarry asbestos is worth from £10 to £60 a ton, so that you will see the dearest coal is very cheap by comparison.

Now, let us see how this solid rock, this terribly strong silica, is turned into trousers, coats, hats, and so on. When it arrives at the factory it is put through very heavy rollers, which crush it to an even fibre. Then it is passed through a series of other rollers, which still further open out the fibres and separate the dirt, grit, etc., that were mixed with the asbestos. This grit falls to the floor through a number of small holes, leaving the true asbestos in loose long fibres, which are easily broken and separated.

The asbestos garment most in use is a simple apron, reaching from the chest to the feet. It is worn by nearly all workers in furnaces.

Asbestos armour. Dressed in asbestos from head to foot fire may be defied with safety.

The carding-machines, which now take the asbestos up, do two things. They open it out yet more, and they put the long mineral threads into order, so to speak, by drawing them out like string. There is no strength in such threads as yet—a baby could break them. As they form they are collected in long, narrow cylinders, making a sort of "yarn." Other machines now turn these weak threads into strong ones by twisting several of them together.

Great tensile power is imparted to the asbestos by its being next put through machines which take two bobbins and spin the contents of each together so as to form one new thread. When this has been done, the asbestos threads are ready to be placed upon a regular weaving machine made for them, and by it they are woven into asbestos-cloth, just as ordinary

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After the disastrous fire at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, the properties and scenery on the stage were found to be quite untouched. They had been protected by the fire-proof curtain, made of asbestos

cloth is woven in a Bradford factory. When this reel of cloth has been mangled and rolled and pressed once or twice it is ready for the tailor's hands, and can be made into garments, just as though it was common tweed.

How effectively asbestos keeps off flame, was proved at the great fire which took place at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, a few years back. The front of the stage, the body of the theatre, was burnt almost to a cinder; the back of the asbestos curtain, the stage itself, was just as perfect and untouched after the terrible fire as it had been before.

What are the various articles of dress that are made of asbestos? They may all be said to be comprised under the wide list of trousers, coats, helmets, boots, leggings, aprons, over-alls, and gloves. The garments that have most vogue amongst the number are aprons, overalls, and gloves. Aprons stand first, and are made of two kinds, long and short. They are worn by nearly all furnace and foundrymen whose work necessitates their standing close to flames. The cost of such aprons depends entirely upon their weight. It may be taken as a fair average of the cost that each pound of weight costs about *2s. 6d.* or *3s.*

As to asbestos gloves they are worn in a great many places that one would never have expected to find them in. They have several curious points worthy of notice. They are all hand-knitted and worth about *10s.* the pair. A large number of them are bought and used in the Manchester dis-[illegible], and such gloves have always to be lined with leather.

It takes two yards of asbestos cloth to make a pair of trousers, and such a pair will

This is the auditorium of the theatre; boxes, stalls, circle, pit, gallery, all were burnt out. The saving curtain is seen in the centre of the picture.

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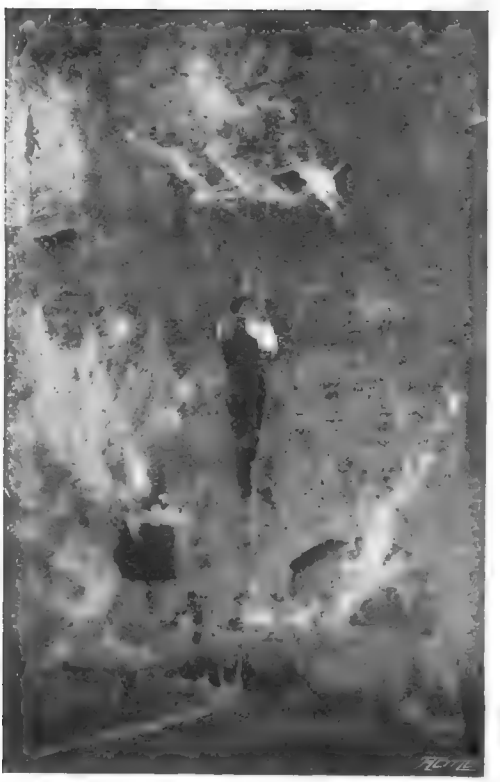

A workman escaping from a burning mill by an asbestos (and therefore fireproof) ladder. All fire brigades should certainly be provided with these ladders.

probably weigh about four pounds. Its cost would not be less, therefore, than 12*s.*, and might run up to about a sovereign. Such a pair of non-combustible trousers would cost, therefore, hardly more than an average pair made of ordinary cloth.

Helmets of asbestos are largely used. They usually weigh one and a quarter pounds, and are therefore by no means too heavy for the average worker to wear. In fact, they are considerably lighter than some of the headgear worn in the Army. Boots of asbestos are not so common. It is not their weight of some two pounds which tells against them so much as their clumsiness, and the consequent difficulty of walking about easily in them. They would seem to be almost an essential part of a fireman's attire, and one that would prove most serviceable to him in walking over burning floors. But the fact remains that so far, for various reasons, they do not appear to have "caught on."

The whole suit of a furnace-worker or a fireman, were he rigged out then as has been indicated, would weigh very nearly twelve or thirteen pounds, according to texture and detail, and would cost about fifty shillings. This shows how important asbestos is likely to loom in the future in the line of clothes, apart from its other uses.

And these other uses are too first-class and too striking to be omitted here without a mention. Besides the fireproof curtain, asbestos is now being largely used for fire-escapes of one kind or another. It may be made in the form of an ordinary ladder, which is attached to some object in the room above, and then let fall down the side of the building to the ground. Such a ladder would cost £5, but what is that sum in order to insure the safety of lives of workers in buildings such as hotels, high flats, or three-storeyed factories?

A tremendous quantity of paper is now being made of asbestos, since a room thus papered is practically fireproof.

But asbestos paper is not only used for this. It can be pressed, several layers together, so as to make thick millboards, and these are made into circular flat rings for making joints secure where steam-pipes in boilers and machinery are subjected to great pressure from hot steam.

The largest piece of asbestos in the world. It was discovered in Italy, and is worth £500

Such, then, are some of the ways that this curious mineral substance, this solid stone from Canada and Italy, is brought into the service of man. It seems almost like a fairy tale to believe that such a mass of stone, a lump of asbestos like the magnificent specimen shown in the photograph — the largest known piece of asbestos in one lump, and worth over £500 as it stands—can by any method be so worked and changed by man as to allow him to turn it into a suit of clothes not by any means to be despised for ordinary wear

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A Speculation In Friends

By Owen Oliver.

He did not intend calling that evening, but he was in a brown study when he left the office, and the force of habit had taken him. He had pressed the electric button before he realised that he was there; and the housemaid stood aside, as a matter of course, for him to enter. So he followed her to the drawing-room—and Maude Stopford.

"You are not looking well," she said, directly.

"I suppose I am getting old," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile. He was close on forty as a matter of fact, and she was twenty-one.

She smiled and shook her head. Then she looked at him and shook her head without smiling.

"Something is the matter?" she suggested.

"I've had a bad day."

"There's to-morrow."

"No!" he said sharply.

"You mean—it is a speculation?" He was on the Stock Exchange. "Have you lost much?"

"Everything!"

"Oh!" She clasped her hands. "I *am* so sorry. But money isn't *everything*. There are friends!"

"They go with the money," he said bitterly.

"Oh no! No! Tell me about it. I know I'm not clever; but I'll try to understand!"

"It's simple enough. Two days ago I was worth fifty thousand pounds. I bought ten thousand Grand Deeps Gold Mine shares at six-and-a-quarter. They have gone down to one-and-an-eighth."

"Won't they go up again?"

"Yes."

"Then if you wait——"

"I can't wait! It's settling day to-morrow."

"You'll only get £5000 for them."

"I can't make up the money without it."

"Wouldn't it be better to borrow it?"

"Much better. If I could borrow the money, and keep the shares for a few months they would be worth £50,000 again."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because I can't."

"I thought there were people who made a business of lending?"

"To those who have money."

"Surely some of your friends——?"

"I find I haven't any." He ground his heel on the carpet savagely.

"How many people have you asked?"

"Three. Two of them made excuses. The third hasn't troubled to answer my note. We had been chums for fifteen years." His voice shook a little.

"You mean George Raynor?"

"George Raynor. I'd have done it for him."

"Perhaps he hasn't the money."

"He is worth a hundred thousand."

"He isn't worth anything!" she said indignantly.

"That is what hurts me."

He walked away to the window. After a few moments she followed him.

"You have forgotten—me!" she said. "There's the five thousand that you have—that father left me."

"Don't!" he cried sharply.

She looked at him quickly and caught her breath.

"You mean that it is in those shares?"

"In a way. That is— Yes."

They were silent for a few minutes.

"You will think me a scoundrel," he said at last. "I am not. I could explain; but it would do no good. I have been fond of you since you were a child, and——"

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"How *can* you think that I could blame you?" she cried.

He stopped abruptly and glanced at her as if he expected some expression of confidence; but when she tried to speak her voice failed her. He took up his hat with a sigh and moved towards the door; but she intercepted him and caught his arm.

"How *can* you think that I could blame you?" she cried.

His eyes softened suddenly.

"No," he said. "No! God bless you, little Maude. I blame myself!"

"It isn't your fault."

"People will say so."

"Not to me?" She drew herself up.

"Your aunt——"

"Poor old auntie!" She laughed softly. "She always says things; but she does not mean them. I *do* mean things. I would do anything for you; anything!" she looked up at him wistfully.

"There isn't anything that you can do, my dear," he said.

"Isn't there something that you want?" she pleaded.

"Nothing that I can ask of you. I— You don't understand." She moved impatiently.

"It is *you* who do not understand," she told him earnestly.

He looked down at her, and met her eyes; and did not understand even then. He had long set up in his mind a barrier of years. So he sighed, and she sighed; and then Aunt Maria bustled in.

Aunt Maria was a thin little woman with a sharp face and a tart voice, feared by everyone who did not know her, and by no one who did.

"Here is Mr. Edmonds, auntie," said Maude.

Aunt Maria tossed her head and untied her bonnet strings with a series of jerks.

"I assumed that Mr. Edmonds would be here," she snapped.

"Auntie looks forward to seeing you," Maude explained, pacifically. Aunt Maria put the bonnet on the table as if she dared it to stir.

"I did *not* 'look forward' to seeing Mr. Edmonds to-night," she contradicted.

"Shall I go?" he asked with a faint smile. He was used to Aunt Maria's amenities.

"When I've had a few words with you, you can go as soon as you please. I have heard something to-night that requires explanation. Perhaps you will leave us for a few minutes, Maude."

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"If you are going to say anything unpleasant ——" Maude began.

"I am."

"Then I shall remain."

"It is no business of yours."

"It is my business to defend my friend."

"I suppose he can defend himself?"

"I have no defence," he said quietly. Aunt Maria gave a ferocious little grunt, and nodded meaningly at her niece, who had calmly taken a seat.

"Please," he said; and Maude got up and went slowly out. Then he turned to Aunt Maria, and folded his arms.

"Well?" he asked.

Aunt Maria moved the bonnet from one spot to another, and set a few ornaments firmly in their places. Then she gave him a scowl that would have been ferocious if she had not been Aunt Maria.

"Frank Edmonds," she said, "you are a fool!"

"I am inclined to think so."

"And a rogue."

"If you call misfortune roguery."

"By roguery"—she tapped out the words with her fingers—"I mean deliberate and persistent deceit. I refer to Maude's money." He winced.

"I have told Maude," he began. She moved an album with a bang.

"A parcel of lies!"

He rose quickly.

"If you think that, I will go."

Aunt Maria rose also.

"You don't leave this house, Frank Edmonds, till you have told me the whole truth. Pooh! It's no use glaring at me. I'm not afraid of you!"

"I've told Maude all there is to tell."

She rang the bell furiously. Her niece answered instead of the servant.

"Now, Maude," she said, "Mr. Edmonds says that he has told you about your father's money."

"Yes."

"You accept his explanation as satisfactory?"

"I have too much self-respect to mistrust an old friend."

"A friend?" Aunt Maria's keen little eyes flashed at them in turn. "Is *that* what you call him?"

"My best and truest friend," said Maude firmly.

Aunt Maria looked at them again.

"What *has* he told you about your money?" she demanded.

"That it is lost with his own in a speculation that——"

"What!" shrieked Aunt Maria. "Lost? His money?"

He stared at her.

"You said you knew."

Aunt Maria walked over to him and gripped him by the shoulder.

"You thought I knew that you were in trouble? And hadn't a kind word for you?—Frank!"

Her old voice quavered suddenly, and he jumped up and kissed her.

"I see, I see! You meant— We will talk about that some other time."

Aunt Maria wiped her eyes as if she were punishing them.

"I am going to talk about it now," she said firmly.

"Not before Maude," he protested.

Aunt Maria picked up the fallen chair, and set it down with a bang.

"Listen to me!" She wagged her finger at her niece. "He hasn't told you a word of truth about your father's money. He said that the £300 he's paid you for the last six years was the interest on it. It wasn't. He told you that he had lost it. He hasn't. Your father left exactly £150. I've been to Somerset House and seen the documents. *Now* what do you think of him?"

She backed out of the room wagging her finger at them. When she had closed the door, Maude went slowly over to him and put her hand on his shoulder. Her eyes were moist and shining; but though her voice trembled it had a brave ring.

"I might have the courage to tell you what I think of you," she said, "if I knew just what you thought of *me*!"

And then he told her.

Aunt Maria glared at them over her spectacles when she entered an hour later and give him a letter.

"Another rash speculation!" she remarked. "There, there! God bless you, my dears!"

She went out again, and he glanced at the envelope. It was from George Raynor.

"Here goes the last of my investments," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "You'll see what it's worth."

And this is what she saw:—

My Dear old Frank,

You are most welcome to the money, on one condition—that you don't say another word about "interest" and "risk." It isn't a commercial transaction, but part of a joint speculation that we began fifteen years ago—a Speculation in Friends.

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THE·MALIGNITY·OF·INANIMATE·OBJECTS

Why is it that Bread and Jam always Falls on Its Face?
Why is it that your Stud so Frequently Loses Itself?
Why is it that your Last Match always Goes Out?

By Simon Gregory.

There is a saying that "much may be done by kindness." Now this is a very proper and worthy saying, and should be applied to a great many more cases than it is at present. For example, when the door slams on your finger and hurts you badly, you swear at it and kick it and call it all sorts of nasty, unkind names. Now do you think that that door will entertain a better opinion of you than it did before?

Surely not. Unless, of course, you have an extraordinary flow of language, then it might admire you, and speak well of you to the door posts in conversation. But even then it might be tempted to slam again for the sake of hearing you relieve your feelings for three and a half minutes without repeating yourself.

Had you never slammed the door, but always shut it gently, instead of disliking you it would have had a much better opinion of you, and might have even regarded you as a friend and a companion. So, in the end, you are entirely to blame.

The same argument will apply to all sorts of things in the inanimate world. Because you cannot understand the language or the feelings of these voiceless objects, you think that they have none. But they have; none more so. Therefore be kind to them. Treat them tenderly, and they will return your kindness by doing what you wish. Let your motto be "Do as you would be done by," and then the goddess, "Be-done-by-as-you-did," will no longer be horrid and prickly, and all over bristles, which rub you up the wrong way, but charming and sweet indeed.

There was a certain learned philosopher who discovered a law that "the power of imparting injury possessed by inanimate objects varies directly as their apparent inertness and inversely as their dimensions." To put it plainly, "the smaller the object the greater the pig, the more harmless it looks, the less vivacity it appears to contain, the greater its store of wickedness."

The almighty genius of evil is not a giant ogre, as usually represented, but a very small dwarf, who can take all sorts of shapes, such as a tin-tack, a stud (he is very partial to a collar stud), a bootlace (a great favourite), and a thousand and one other forms. In these various shapes he can work all the mischief his wicked heart desires.

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For example, you go for a ride on your bicycle, along a nice country road, smooth and easy as asphalt. Nevertheless the adventuresome tin-tack is to be found there, neither is the jagged piece of glass far off. Both see you in the distance, and, summoning up other tin-tacks and more pieces of glass, plant themselves in your way business end uppermost, thus sadly damaging your tyres and temper.

How these little imps got there is a marvel. There are no ironworks or glass factories for miles around, and yet the road is covered with the produce of both.

Take another case, even more wearing to your temper. You are packing your dress clothes in the morning to go to a dance. You are very careful this time to omit nothing. Last time, you remember, you forgot your most indispensable article of dress. So, sitting on the floor, you surround yourself with clothes, shirts and ties.

Having, at last, packed your "Gladstone" you set to work to shut it, and in doing so your tie and tooth-brush, having previously ascertained that you are not looking, drop out on to the floor from the shoe you had carefully packed them in. You replace them and turn over the bag to shut it. This necessitates kneeling on the thing.

Just as the key is inserted and you are getting it locked, you overbalance and land your head on the floor. The bag rolls over and your collars drop out. Were your ears sharp enough you would hear the collars chuckling to themselves at your mishap. Consciences and collars do not go well together.

Your bootlace invariably breaks when you are in a hurry and have no more laces in the house.

At length you fasten up the bag and hurry down to breakfast. You are very cold, and eagerly pour yourself out a cup of coffee. Whether by accident or design, your coffee is very hot and scalds your mouth badly. Muttering naughty words you turn to your boots and hurriedly put them on, only to break the lace. Why on earth, you mutter, couldn't the beastly thing have broken yesterday, or to-morrow, or any other day rather than to-day. In vain you try to fix the broken ends together. You have no other laces in the house, so, angrily, you return to breakfast, to find your eggs cold and your coffee quite tepid.

There is evidently a sort of conspiracy amongst all your belongings, a sort of Marconi telegraphic system, each one whispering schemes of mischief to the rest. Your swearing does no good, but only aggravates matters, causing extraordinary mirth to these spiteful little imps.

But the worst of your tormentors is to come. You are dressing for the dance, anticipating a pleasant evening. Having come to the shirt stage, you proceed to fix your sleeve links. First they slip out of your hand and drop on to the floor, next you get them half in and break your nails over them. At last you get them done, and turn to the collar stud. This little beast is the abomination of life. Of course, it has hidden itself away to begin with, although you distinctly remember putting it down on the dressing-table.

After a long hunt you find the thing the other side of the room behind the bath. So

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Your stud is not in your shirt.

Where can you have put it? In the drawer, probably. You search most carefully. It isn't there.

The stud has probably rolled under the bed, in the most inaccessible part.

No; here it is, under your nose all the while, when you have searched the whole room for it.

you put it on and look for a collar, which is in the bottom of the bag. Just as you find this, the stud drops out and rolls under the bed, landing in the middle, in the most inaccessible part. This means grovelling on the floor for five minutes. Your tie, too, has caught the malicious infection and positively refuses to do as it is told, twisting itself round whenever you aren't looking. By this time you are hot and ruffled, and your temper most decidedly the worse for wear.

In no pleasant frame of mind you leave your room putting on your gloves on the way. Once again the wireless telegraphy has been at work, the receiver this time being a little screw by the handle

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of the door. Immediately responding to the request of the conscienceless tie and revengeful stud, it works itself loose, and sticks out its sharpest edge, catching your gloves as you hurriedly turn the handle. The result is a big

Of course, the notice of "wet paint" has slipped into the corner where no one can see it.

tear and a nasty scratch. You mutter naughty words and hurry downstairs hoping to make the best of a bad job. The last of your tormentors is awaiting you at the bottom.

A small piece of carpet has got loose, and is sticking up on the look out for mischief. It sees you coming and trips you up causing your would be triumphal entry into the ball-room to change into a very passable resemblance to the *entrée* of the funny man at the local pantomime.

You sit down comfortably to read, quite oblivious of the fact that the paint is fresh.

Then there is another torment that lies in wait for the unwary—quite a big one this time, but very vicious indeed. This is the torment of the newly-painted seat. There may be, or may not be, a notice on it explaining that the paint is wet, but it is usually stuck in the corner, quite out of the way, where you can't possibly see it.

Hence, quite innocently, you ensconce yourself quite comfortably on the seat, and open your paper to enjoy the news or the jokes or stories, whatever may please your fancy.

In a minute a friend comes along. You jump up, put on your very best smile and very special bow for the occasion, quite oblivious of the fact that there is a mass of bright green all over your coat; also, in all probability, a notice board sticking on your back as well. This is most aggravating indeed, especially when every small boy you meet greets you with: "Wot—oh—Haspinalls! Been tryin' to bilk wiv' the paint, 'ave yer! Ho, yuss; not 'arf." Small boys are so painfully vulgar, aren't they? There must have been a conspiracy between

Why are the locks of Gladstone bags so malignant? They always give way when you are in the greatest hurry.

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One match left in your box, and the most terrific gale blowing.

the seat and the paint to ruin the clothes of every passer by.

Railings are quite as bad; the brighter the paint the more it sticks to you, and tarred boards are the worst.

Were you endowed with supernatural sight you would see, in the first faint light of the early morning, the spirit of the wind entering, softly and cautiously, through the cracks in your window. This spirit would next gently waft itself to your dressing-table, and, opening your match-box, take out all your matches save one, and slowly depart, bearing with it the captured spoils of Bryant and May. And so the spirit disappears with a laugh—a chuckle if a west wind, and a hoarse roar if from the north.

Next will follow the result. You hurry off with the match-box in your pocket Presently you think you will smoke. You produce a cigarette and your match-box. The wind jumps up and blows hard in your face. "Dear me, how provoking!" you say, when you find only one match; "I must take shelter." But the wind is always blowing hard.

However, you shelter yourself as best you can, and strike your match. It flickers, the wind drops a bit, the match brightens up; so does the wind, then out goes the match; a whistle from round the corner, and your train is gone.

You rush into the station, running against the few people who are straggling out past the barrier. Ignoring a few sarcastic remarks from these persons to the effect that "you'll escape the police if you are quick," and offers of "having the road cleared for you," you shout to the nearest porter what time the next train leaves. "Three past," is his laconic reply; half-an-hour to wait. The wind is noisier than ever and laughs in your face at your unlighted cigarette.

In your hurry you have left your paper at home, and there is no bookstall on the station. There is nothing for it but to wait patiently till the next train comes.

Now there is a moment of calm, you strike your match.

Is the train also in league with the wind and the matches, and the tin-tacks and stud, and all the other torments of life? Such are your pleasant thoughts as you wander sadly about the draughty station all the long weary time till the next train bears you townwards, late and very cross.

A big roar of the wind, and out goes the match.

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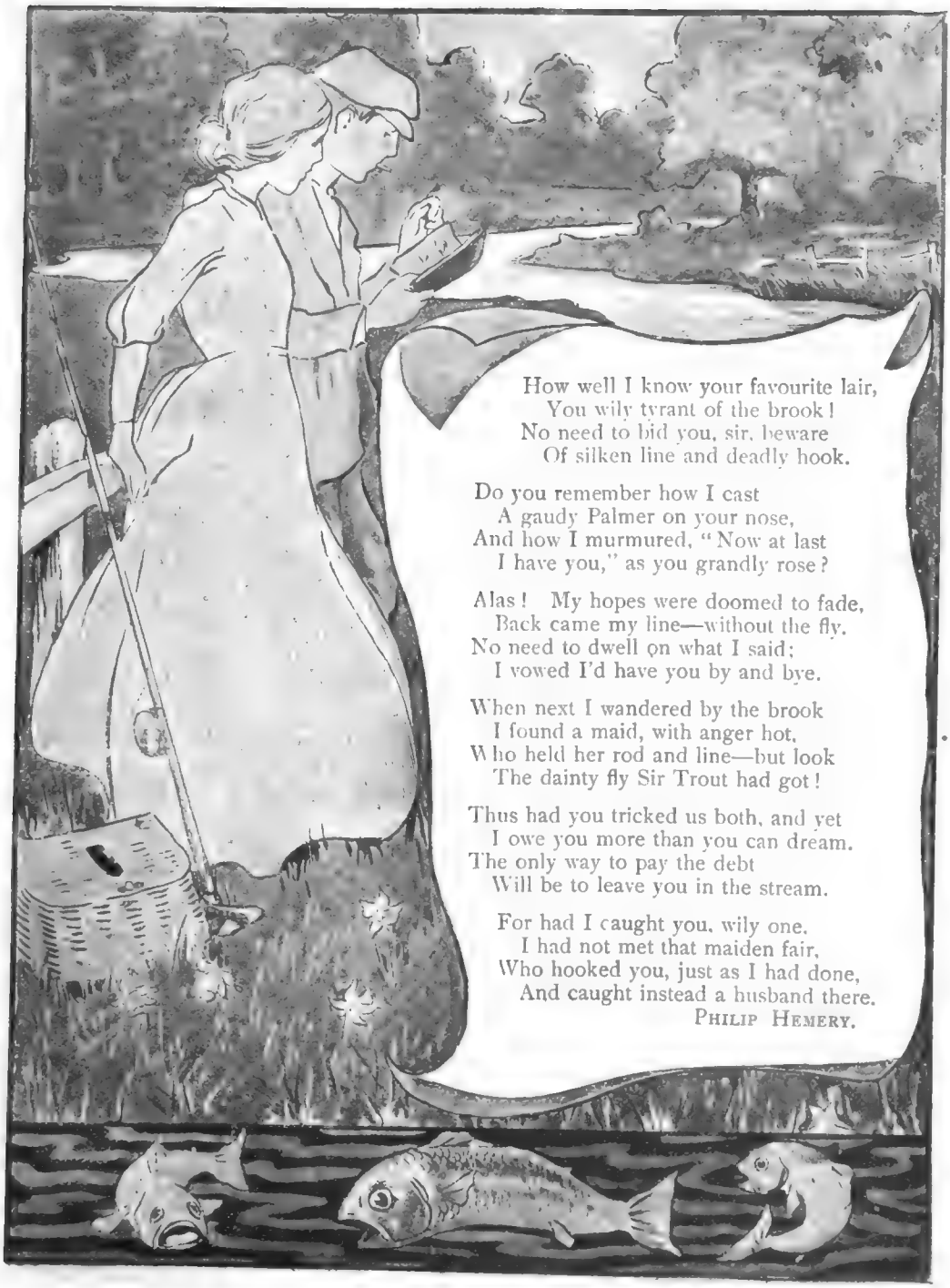
TO A TROUT



How well I know your favourite lair,
You wily tyrant of the brook!
No need to bid you, sir, beware
Of silken line and deadly hook.

Do you remember how I cast
A gaudy Palmer on your nose,
And how I murmured, "Now at last
I have you," as you grandly rose?

Alas! My hopes were doomed to fade,
Back came my line—without the fly.
No need to dwell on what I said:
I vowed I'd have you by and bye.

When next I wandered by the brook
I found a maid, with anger hot,
Who held her rod and line—but look
The dainty fly Sir Trout had got!

Thus had you tricked us both, and yet
I owe you more than you can dream.
The only way to pay the debt
Will be to leave you in the stream.

For had I caught you, wily one,
I had not met that maiden fair,
Who hooked you, just as I had done,
And caught instead a husband there.

PHILIP HEMERY.

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PAPA'S ORGY.

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

EVERYBODY in the office felt sorry for Papa, from the Old Man, who was, of course, the head of the firm, to the freckled office boy, whose fiery hair gave to a somewhat grey place its one dash of colour. The head clerk had been heard to say that Papa led a dog's life, and the cashier often remarked that how Papa lived and supported that family on that salary was clear beyond him. The cashier knew what it was to support a much smaller family on a much larger salary, and found it a problem that taxed his management to the utmost. What, then, became of Papa at the first of the month, asked the cashier?

It was part of the irony of fate that Papa who was little and wrinkled, and altogether out of proportion to his huge moustachios, should have six tall and handsome daughters (all at home).

Time was when his salary had been a little larger than now, and he had hesitated a long time about marrying. It seemed like flying in the face of Providence, he said, to ask any woman to live and keep house on a salary like that; but eventually he asked her, and she undertook to make the salary suffice for herself and him.

When the first little girl came she might have noticed a look of dismayed speculation on the countenance of Papa. His real name was John Henry Craig, but he became Papa from that date. As the five other girls came in rapid succession the look of speculation deepened, and yet, somehow, the salary stretched to cover all of them, and clothe them, and give them a fair education.

"If there had been another one of 'em it couldn't have been done," Papa was wont to say cheerily. "As it is, there's just enough; but another would have meant hard times for all."

Those were the days when somebody was always hurrying Papa.

"Hurry now, Papa," Mrs. Craig would say, the moment he arose from the breakfast table. "Hurry and get off—you'll be late for work—and you know you can't afford to lose that job."

And Papa hurried with cherubic cheerfulness, and trotted lightly off along the same old streets, around the same corners, over the pavements his feet had helped to wear away.

Papa's clothes had a guilty way of falling into disrepute, and looking sneaking and uncomfortable, but Mrs. Craig patched and darned those time-worn garments with exemplary fortitude.

"Of course, it doesn't so much matter what a man wears, Papa," she said. "Nobody ever notices what a man has on. With the girls, now, it's different. They have to look nice."

"Certainly, Mary," said Papa, brushing away at the garments which might be shabby, but were always clean. "Certainly. Do—do they need anything special just now?"

Two or three years ago Mrs. Craig had died. She was believed to be delirious towards the last, for she kept muttering incoherently:

"Winter coming on—jackets for all the girls—your old coat will have to do another winter, Papa."

Having buried his wife, Papa went on taking care of the girls. The old coat "did"

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not only for another winter, but for still another winter after that. Shabbier, smaller, more bent, a little more bald, Papa was always at his desk, working with unflagging cheerfulness.

"No—I would rather keep my girls at home," he said to a good-natured friend of his one day, when the said friend suggested that the girls might help Papa make a living. "Of course, if it were really necessary, you know—if I were to break down, or anything like that—why, then, I wouldn't mind it so much. But I don't like to see women out working when there's a great, strong man that ought to stand between them and the world."

And Papa lifted his head and squared his thin little shoulders in such a manner that the friend did not laugh, as he had meant to do at first. He felt quite confounded and rebuked. Papa had forgotten for the moment that the friend was six feet tall and strong in proportion, and that the friend's two daughters stood behind a counter from nine till seven.

About this time Papa discovered to his amazement that one of the six girls had a lover, and was thinking of being married some day not far off.

"Well, well! That Baby!" Papa said to his pipe half-an-hour afterwards. "I wonder what Mary'd say to that?"

And then Papa searched about and found some extra work that he could do outside office hours.

"One of them's going to marry," he explained cheerfully to the Old Man. "She'll need a lot of things, of course, and it's going to take something. Anything you can throw my way, now—I'll be much obliged."

Papa had scarcely recovered from the marriage of the first daughter before there were two more who wanted to have a double wedding.

"It's good they gave me a little time, or I'd never have done," Papa said, drawing a long breath when it was over.

Then, in a little while there was another, and then another. Amazed and bewildered, Papa found himself all at once with only one of the pretty daughters at home, and that one flirting outrageously with half a dozen love-lorn young men. He knew what to expect now, any day. You might think they were babies, but suddenly you discovered that they had grown up and wanted a home of their own. Papa came out of a brown study thinking of it.

"There's only one of them left now," he told the cashier genially. "When that one marries I'll feel as though my responsibilities were pretty well done with. I've been thinking that I ought to celebrate it, somehow. It struck me just now that, when Lena's married and get someone to look after her, I'd go out and have an orgy."

The astonished cashier could not get rid of the remark. Papa going out and having an orgy! He mentioned it to the Old Man with forebodings.

"It would be just like him to go all to pieces," said the Old Man judicially. "When people have had something to hold them right up to the scratch for goodness knows how many years, and it's taken away all

"I don't like to see women out working when there's a great, strong man that ought to stand between them and the world."

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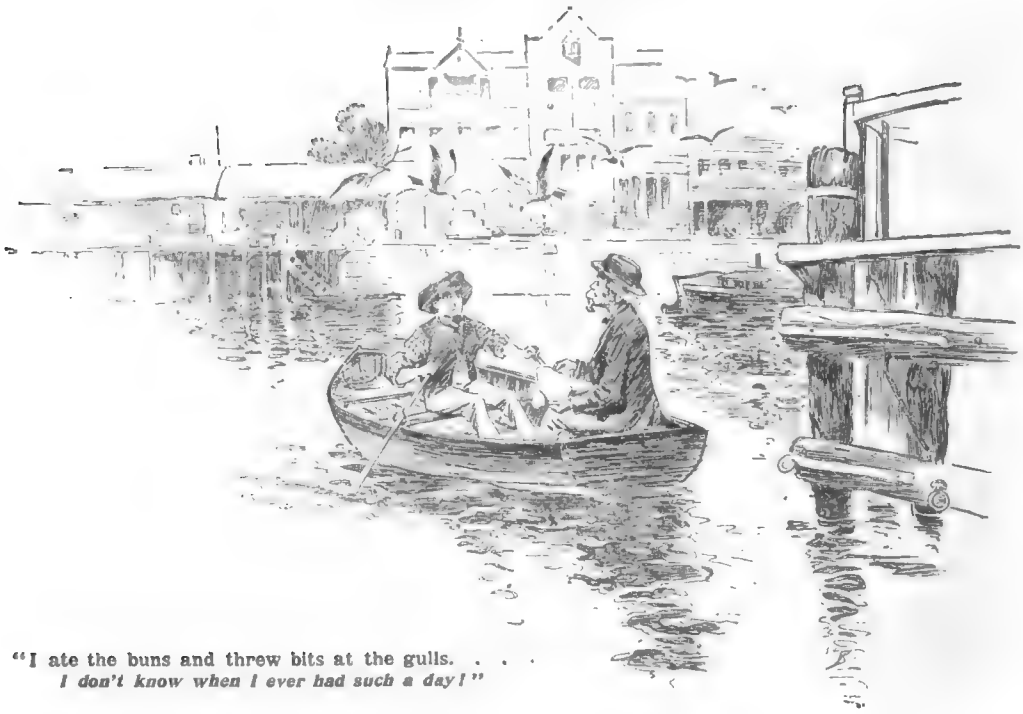

"I ate the buns and threw bits at the gulls. . . .
I don't know when I ever had such a day!"

of a sudden, they generally go down with a bang. Take to hard drinking, more than likely. Pity! He's a very useful man to have about."

"Yes, sir, I've fully decided to have an orgy," said Papa a little later. There was the far-away light of speculation in his eyes. The office boy was so startled by it that he removed the brandy-ball he had been sucking and threw it under the desk.

"Whatcher going t' do?" asked the office boy hoarsely. Nobody was afraid of Papa.

"I haven't decided yet," said Papa musingly. "Something altogether out of the usual line, though. Something that'll make me feel I'm free, you know, and can do as I please. It'll be a queer sensation, I haven't any doubt of that, but I think I'd like to try it once."

Papa spoke quite recklessly, and with a devil-may-care manner that thrilled the office boy to the marrow.

The cashier shook his head with a slow smile. The idea of an orgy appealed to him: in connection with the strange little personality of Papa it struck him as irresistibly amusing.

He made it known to the office that Papa might shortly be expected to break out; in the kindness of his heart he added a rider to the effect that nobody was to chaff Papa whatever the scrape he got into. The cashier apparently judged Papa by himself and pictured an uncertain gait and the clutch of the long blue arm of the law as the slightest evils that could result.

"She's going to be married next month," Papa whispered mysteriously to the cashier one day; and though Papa was close beside him, and the cashier could not say a word, he made signs so effectively behind Papa's back that all the office understood at once. It is sad to relate that the cashier pictured forth the coming orgy by tilting his hat very much to one side, turning up his collar in the back, and making circular motions with his fists, as one who dares somebody to come on.

As the time drew near, Papa gave indications of a lightening heart. He was seen to sit at his desk with his faded brown hat on the back of his head, instead of hanging decently on its hook. He was heard on more than one occasion to warble under his breath a ditty which consisted principally of stirring words like, "Tum-tee-iddle-dum, tum-tum-tee."

It was about this time that the cashier told him a man ought always to have his card in his pocket with his name and address, so that he could be identified in case—er—in case anything happened to him.

The point of this advice escaped the

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penetration of Papa. His experience in orgies, as the cashier reflected, was hitherto nil; the cashier himself remembered an occasion on which the card, with name and address, had been most necessary in his own case. Somehow he did not care to relate the incident to Papa.

The Old Man was generosity itself.

"I understand it is quite an event with you, Mr.—Mr. Craig," he said. (He had come within an ace of forgetting the name.) "Your last daughter marries this afternoon, you say? Well, now, suppose you take a week off—salary to go on, of course. Oh, don't mention it! You've been with the firm a long time. And you'll find an extra sovereign in your envelope. Good-bye! Hope you'll have a good time."

"Say, now, take care of yourself," said the cashier urgently. "You know you ain't used to—to high jinks, you know."

Papa looked knowing and intimated to the cashier with an approach to a wink that he could, and would, look after himself, always putting enjoyment in the first place. He promised to relate his experiences in full on his return.

On the first day of Papa's week there was much talk in the office about his orgy. Predictions were numerous and gloomy; bets were offered and taken as to the way in which Papa would make merry. But it was universally decided that (out of respect for the correctness of Papa's behaviour hitherto) much that was unseemly should be passed over this time. The office only hoped (so they said) that it might be this time only.

* * * * *

When the cashier reached the office on the morning of the second day he was surprised to find Papa at his desk. Papa's hat was in its place on the hook, and Papa's self was the shabby, neat, well-brushed self he had seen in that place for so many years.

"Back already!" cried the amazed cashier. "What about that orgy you've been thinking about for so long!"

"Well, I had it," said Pa, beaming at him radiantly.

"Had it! The mischief! You don't look it!" said the cashier, who remembered an orgy or two of his own.

"Why, it wouldn't change my looks, naturally," said Papa mildly. He had left off his work for the moment to rub his hands together with enjoyment. Happiness beamed in every glance.

"You see, I don't care for much excitement," he explained. "It's been excitement enough for me just to make a living. What I want now is quiet, you know—and so I took a few shillings and a bag of buns down to the river, and I went ten times across and back again. I've often wanted to do it. And I ate the buns and threw bits at the gulls. Then I took two long 'bus drives, which cost only sixpence. *I don't know when I ever had such a day!*"

The cashier was dumb. After a while he shook hands with Papa, and then they went to their work.

THE MUTINEER.

Her Majesty the Baby
Is a winsome maid of six,
A wayward little rebel
Full of naughty, charming tricks.
The scheme of things annoys her,
And she kicks with all her might:
The world is topsy-turvy—
And she'd like to put it right!

She wants to know *why* children
Have to do as they are told;
And *why* the bogeys eat them
When they're not as good as gold.
She'll listen while you tell her,
If you're rash enough to try—
And floor you, when you've finished,
With an extra big "But *why*?"

She thinks it "very funny"
Sweets and cake should make you ill,
While common bread and butter
Never lands you for a pill!
And when you've told her gravely
That the clock's made no mistake,
She says "It's *always* bedtime
When you feels most wide awake!"

She's very discontented
And she often says "I shan't!"
And "mummer" ought to beat her;
But—well, somehow "mummer" can't!
You see, she comes and hugs you,
Says "You's cross! You's got a frown"—
And then you find you're smiling,
And you weakly put her down!

Douglas Walshe.

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As mentioned in our last two Issues, we have been fortunate enough to secure the exclusive services of Mr. X the puzzle expert, to conduct this new feature of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE. Mr. X asks us to say how much he appreciates the numerous letters of welcome which have been addressed to him. Any readers who know of a good puzzle, problem, catch, or trick, whether original or otherwise, should communicate with him.

PUNCTUATION PUZZLES.

The string of words published on page 96 of the October ROYAL, "That that is is," etc., can be punctuated thus:

"That that is is; that that is not is not. Is not that it? It is."

Other good examples of the same kind of puzzle were sent in many times over by readers, the most popular being:

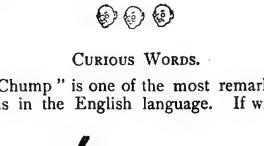
It was and I said not but.

Charles the First walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off.

Readers will doubtless decipher these quite easily.

CURIOUS WORDS.

"Chump" is one of the most remarkable words in the English language. If written thus

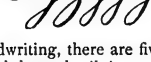


it reads exactly the same whether looked at like this, or *with the page turned upside down.* Do you know of any other similar words?

Facetious is another word with a curious property; it contains, as you see, the five vowels in their proper order.

Expediency is also interesting. So far as pronunciation goes it might just as well be spelt X P D N C—five letters representing a five-syllabled word!

And lastly there is the word *syzygy* in which, if written thus:



in plain handwriting, there are five letters out of the six with looped tails!

A TRIPLE CATCH.

If you really want to amuse your friends and make your worst enemy kick himself, try upon him the following delightful series of catches, which will take most people in:

"Have you heard the strange story of the empty bottle?" you casually remark to your worst enemy.

He will naturally say "No."

You will reply airily: "Oh! there is nothing in it!"

"Well then," you proceed, "have you heard the story of the three eggs?"

Again the obvious reply is "No," and your retort, "Too (two) bad!"

By this time your worst enemy will have become a bit suspicious, but you may possibly induce him to snort an indignant "No" to your final question:—"Have you heard the story the blind man told the deaf man?" in which case you close the conversation with the remark: "Neither did he," and seek safety in flight.

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Cryptic Sentences.

He talked from 22222222222 uninteresting people.

Can you decipher this? It is a perfectly intelligible sentence.

Yyuryyyublcuryy for me

is a simple little poem.

Time flies you cannot they pass at such irregular intervals,

is a very clever catch sentence.

Mr. X is making a collection of puzzling sentences, and will be glad to hear from readers who know of any good ones.

Lessons in Evolution.

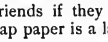
A lot of amusement can be obtained with such experiments as the following:

Ask your friends if they can prove that a sheet of foolscap paper is a lazy dog.

The steps of the proof are quite simple:

A sheet of foo'scap is an "ink-lined plane."
An inclined plane is a "slope up."
A slow pup is a "lazy dog."

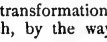
Mr. X will be interested to hear of any such clever transformations as the above example, which, by the way, was forwarded by many readers.



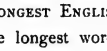
The Longest English Word.

What is the longest word in the English language?

Can anyone beat the twenty-one-letter word *disproportionableness?* If so, please give references and authority for its use.



What shape is a kiss?
Elliptical (A lip tickle.)



A Good Game For Two.

Take fifteen matches and lay them in a row. The game is that each player shall take either one, two, or three matches each time, picking alternately, and endeavour to leave the last one for his opponent to take. Whoever succeeds in doing this wins.

The trick is to so take for the first move or two that you leave nine matches for your opponent's pick.

Example.—A starts and takes one, B takes two, then A takes three, and leaves nine for B.

or,

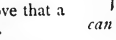
B takes one, A takes two, B takes two, then A will take two, and so leave nine again.

The next step is to leave five matches for your opponent:

If after A leaves B nine, B takes two, A would take two, thus leaving five. If B takes one, A takes three, and so on.

At the finish if B takes three, A would take one, if B takes two then A would take two, and if B takes one then A would take three, in any case leaving B the last match to take, A winning.

Whoever takes first and knows the game can win.



Another Half Crown Dodge.

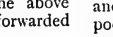
A to *B*. "Got half-a-crown?"

B produces the coin.

A. "Put it down here. And here is another" (producing a second from his own pocket). "Now I am going to ask you a very simple question, easy for anybody to answer. If you answer it in the affirmative, you take both coins. If you answer it in the negative, I take both coins. But—have you seen the trick before?"

B. (unsuspiciously caught) "No."

A. "Thanks, I take the half-crowns."



Eyeeaubdeighpethigh.

No, this is not a cipher telegram, but simply the word *iodate* written in a somewhat elongated form, each letter being represented by other combinations of letters having the same sound, thus:

I—eye
O—eau in b-eau
D—bd in bd-ellium
A—eigh in eigh-t
T—phth in phth-isis
E silent—silent gh in au-gh-t.

Can anyone beat this?

Five Shillings will be paid to the tender of any new puzzle, problem, or other trick which is considered worthy of insertion in this feature. Letters must be addressed to "Mr. X," care of The Royal Magazine, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*

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CAP AND BELLS

He Only Had Three.

Little Wynnie (just returned from Sunday school): "Is it true that even the hairs of our heads are numbered?"

Mr. Front-seat (who is quite bald): "The Bible says so, my child."

Little Wynnie: "It won't be very hard to count yours, will it, papa?"

* * * * *

Ancient Lady (about to lecture tramp for his good): "My man, were you ever married?"

Tramp (hurrying away): "Wow! I forgot this was Leap year!"

* * * * *

He: "Oh, that you would give me permission to lay my burning heart at your feet!"

She: "You may; they are very cold."

* * * * *

Nothing says Brown is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing-table in order.

* * *

Home Cookery!

Lady Mary: "Pray tel me, Sir George, what book has most helped you?"

The Cabinet Minister: "My wife's first cookery book."

Lady Mary: "Ah! And how did that help you?"

The Cabinet Minister: "Why it so influenced me that I'd sooner work than eat, and the habit has clung to me."

? Golf.

Madge: "You went over the links with Harry Huggard? He plays an excellent game, doesn't he?"

Blanche: "Doesn't he, though? Why, I actually believe that we'd have been engaged if the stupid caddy had only known his business."

* * * * *

It's Easy to Talk.

"Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor."

"Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again."

But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favourably.

* * * * *

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a regular New Yorker was asked:

"I want you," said the interrogater, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question."

"I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee.

"Then, why is it you Yankees always answer a question by asking one in return?"

"*Du they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

* * * * *

It is a thankless world. A man gets no credit when he pays cash.

* * * * *

THE LOST COLLAR STUD.

Edwin Beetle: "There, Angelina, see what a splendid table I've just picked up for our drawing-room!"

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Tells a Tale.

Briggs (roaring): "Who told you to put this paper on the wall?"

Decorator: "Your wife, sir."

Briggs: "Pretty, isn't it?"

* * *

POOR TOMMY!

Why does Tommy look so sad,
In this lovely weather?
Full of glee
He should be—
Light as any feather.

Tommy's gloomy, Tommy's glum,
Tommy's short and surly,
From his neat
Little feet
To his caput curly.

Tommy grumbles, Tommy sighs,
When he should be singing,
He at last
On the blast
Hears the school bell ringing.

* * *

EXTRAVAGANT IMPULSE.

"Wotcher smokin' two cigars for?"
"Oh, I jest feel like doin' somethin' expensive!"

* * *

Too Bad.

Uncle: "Yes, my little one, the beautiful days of summer are over now."

Niece: "That's what papa said when mamma came home from the country."

* * *

HIS SONG.

Sing not to me of falling dew
Upon the purple hills,
For I am worried far too much
By falling due of bills.

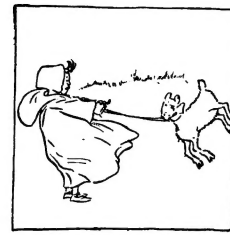
* * *

"How do you spell needle, Bobby?" asked the teacher.

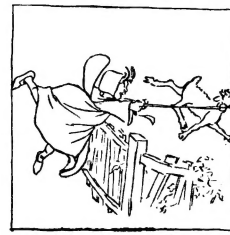
"N-e-i-d-l-e, needle," was the reply.

"Wrong," said the teacher, "there's no 'i' in needle."

"Well, then, 'tain't a good needle."



Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,



And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

But one sad day the butcher took
Poor Mary's little lamb,

And left instead a quadruped
Which one may call a ram.

Antidote.

A.: "I hear your daughter is taking singing lessons."

B.: "Yes, and the rest of us are taking chloroform."

* * *

Sunday School Teacher:—"And when Delilah cut Samson's hair he became mild as a lamb, and there was no fight in him. Do you understand that, Tommy?"

Jimmy: "Well, I know it makes you feel awful 'shamed o' yourself when your mother cuts your hair."

* * *

ADAM'S ADVANTAGES.

How happy Adam must a' been;
I wisht I'd had the chance;
Just think, he never had to wear
His father's cut-down pants.

He never had no ma to put
His hair in golden curls,
So's all the boys'd point him out
As one of mamma's girls.

An' when examinations came,
If Adam failed to pass,
There warn't no pa to tell how he
Had always led his class.

An' he could stay up every night
Till it was awful late,
Without no ma to send him off
To bed at half-past eight.

An' he could smoke, an' he could swear
Until his face was black,
Without no pa to say 'twas wrong—
Then do it, 'hind his back.

I wisht I'd been in Adam's place,
For all these things an' more;
Life must a' been worth living then,
But now it's jest a bore.

* * *

Mr. Ben Israel: "Haven't you a little paint left from the portrait you painted of my wife, so that you could paint my daughter with it?"

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Up to Date

A MODERN TRAGEDY.

"I—thought you—loved me," she sobbed, and her words were choked with emotion.

"How can you doubt it? I love you as much now as when I first told you so on the beach in the mellow moonlight eight weeks ago."

"Ah! we were happy then," she sighed, as her thoughts turned to the past.

"Yes, we were happy," he repeated. "When you softly answered 'yes,' I dreamed how we would journey through life, hand in hand, living for each other, sharing our joys and sorrows."

"Oh, yes, that is all very fine—but I might have expected this would be the end. You are like other men, cruel and deceitful."

"Darling!" he exclaimed, moving to take her in his arms.

"Keep away!" she cried, "you never loved me."

"Oh! my love, if you only knew how you are lacerating my heart, you wouldn't speak like that. Alas! how could I foresee what the future had in store? Had I only known, I might have saved us this misery."

"And then we must really part?" Her words seemed to come from the inner recesses of her heart.

"Believe me, I don't want to give you up, but you do not know all."

"I do not know?" she asked in surprise.

"No. Circumstances beyond my control prevent our marriage."

"Then something has happened?"

"Yes, I have discovered I am not able to support a wife."

"Not able to support a wife?"

"No."

"But you told me a week ago that you were rich?"

"Yes, I believed I was, but when I told you so I hadn't paid my bill at the hotel. I have just done so and am now penniless. I know you will not scorn me now. I deserve your pity."

With a convulsive shriek, as if a bullet had pierced her heart, she fell in a faint at his feet. A summer's dream dissipated! A bubble burst!

"You said it was only a quarter off twelve when you came in last night; but it was really three o'clock!"

"Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

WHERE THEY SPENT THEIR HOLIDAYS.

"Where did you spend the holidays?" asked the front row chorus girl.

"I studied Shakespeare while in Scotland," said the auburn haired one, who led the grand marches.

"I toured Switzerland in a motor," said the girl with the saucy kick.

"I took the waters at Aix-les-Bains," said the girl with the diamond buckles on her slippers.

"I spent the summer in Italy," said the creamy blonde in the pink slippers.

"I worried my modiste in dear Paree," gurgled the girl who never could catch step.

"And what did you do this summer?" they all asked the first chorus girl.

"I?" she murmured. "Oh, I washed dishes, too."

* * *

IN THE NECK.

Newsboy: "Paper?"

Poet (turning up his coat collar): "I didn't think anyone could tell it from linen!"

* * * * *

HER BANJO.

Playing the banjo Clytie sits
In prettiest pose by art invented,
Across the strings her white hand flits
A hovering bird, from flight prevented,
So sweet, so near its fluttering,
I would I were her banjo string!

But when betimes her music mood,
Grown roused and changed, with many an antic
She bats and pounds the quivering wood,
And bangs the cords like one half frantic,
Making them jump and shriek and ring,
I'm glad I'm *not* her banjo string!

* * * * *

THE OLD COMPLAINT.

"And," muttered the suburbanite, "the agent who rented me that property told me the house was only ten minutes from the station."

Here he resumes his sprint for the train, gasping.

"I wonder if he thought I was a flash of lightning."

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MR. and MRS. GLOBE TROTTER CAMP OUT.

MR. and MRS. GLOBE TROTTER: "Why let yourself be swindled by rascally hotel keepers when you can find more comfortable lodgings for nothing? Of course, it's rather a nuisance having to carry your luggage about, especially when you have many boxes and bags."

"But when you've pitched your tent, could anything be more delightful?"

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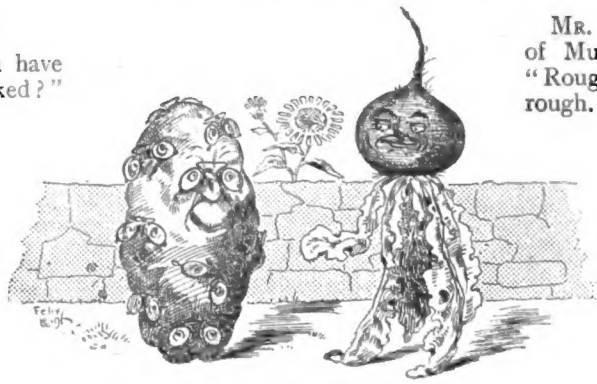
Got Him!

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost o' 'em?" inquired the customer cautiously.

"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice rasher of bacon," said he, greatly relieved.



FAILING VISION.

Radish: "Ah, I see you have taken to glasses."
Potato: "Yes, I had to, as my eyes were getting weak."

Mr. Swiper (boatman of Muckling-on-Slush): "Rough, sir? This ain't rough. Ah, I've seen the tide come up and wash every house in the High Street."

Unromantic Tourist (with a remembrance of his present apartments): "Well, it wouldn't hurt if it came up and washed 'em again."

* * * * * * * * * *

Accidents Will Happen.

Landlady: "Yes, sir, two chickens went into that soup."

Boarder: "Never mind, ma'am, never mind. No harm done; no one would suspect it, I assure you."

* * *

May: "Oh, I hate these magazine serials!"

Edith: "Why?"

May: "You can never tell how a story ends until it is finished."

Unprecedented.

"I did a very cruel thing to the office boy yesterday," said the junior partner to the silent partner.

"What was that?"

"He asked for an afternoon off to attend his grandmother's funeral, and I refused it."

"That was quite right. When a boy wants to go to a football match he always asks if he may attend a funeral. It was no cruelty at all to refuse him."

"But, I have since ascertained that his grandmother was really buried then!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Effie (to fashionable Palmist): "And now, Madame, will you please tell me Fido's fortune?"

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